Also: Being Canadian Means Always Having to Say You're Sorry

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TAKE ONE

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A BITTERSWEET COMEDY ABOUT LIFE AND LOVE

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Festivals

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ABOUT A THOROUGHLY MODERN DANISH GIRL

Dear Irene

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THE EMERGING WOMAN

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GAME A FILM ABOUT HUSTLING
BY ABIGAIL AND JONATHAN CHILD

VERA CHYTILOVA'S DAZZLING ANALYSIS
OF THE TEMPTATION OF EVE

the fruit of paradise

Grand Prize and Critics' Prize, Chicago Film Festival

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TAKE ONE

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EDITOR/PUBLISHER: Peter Lebensold. **ASSOCIATE EDITOR/PUBLISHER:** Joe Medjuck. **ART DIRECTION:** Orange Fog. **BOOK EDITOR:** Glen Hunter. **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** Kay Armatage, Ronald Blumer, James Delson. **CORRESPONDENTS:** *Los Angeles* John H. Dorr; *Montreal* André Pâquet, Jean-Pierre Tadros; *New York* Arthur Axelman, Bob Cowan, Susan Rice, Fred Tuten; *Paris* Geoffrey Minish; *San Francisco* Hal Aigner. **PROMOTION MANAGER:** Alan E. Bennett. **ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER:** Nancy McEntyre.

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GOOD STUFF

An irregular column wherein we will attempt to draw the reader's attention to certain items and events — not all of them cinematic — of potential interest. Suggestions as to possible inclusions in future editions of this column are welcome and should be addressed to the editors.

March 1971 saw the first appearance of **Cantrill's Filmnotes**. Its place of publication: Melbourne, Australia. Its creators: the Australian husband-and-wife filmmaking team, Arthur and Corinne Cantrill. Its self-identification: "an irregular publication in which Arthur and Corinne Cantrill print anything on cinema which interests them."

The Cantrills have managed (for fifteen issues now) to put out an extremely interesting journal / newsletter / broadsheet / manifesto / pamphlet / visual-verbal collage/magazine — it being in various issues versions of all these things. And always with an unflinching allegiance to independent / alternate / underground / experimental / avant-garde / expanded cinema.

Like all personal publications, **Cantrill's Filmnotes** are here and there idiosyncratic and cranky (or euphoric), now and then narrowly centred on personal or political issues of peculiarly Australian concern. But mostly, the Cantrills' outlook is international; it is open to the many possible interrelationships of all the arts; and it is historical (unlike so much film concern which is excited always and only by what is NOW).

The covers of the first issue indicate something of the Cantrills' interests: on the front, a frame from Duchamp's **Anemic Cinema** and a number of stills from **Perfido Incanto**, the feature-length experimental film made by the Italian Futurists in 1916; on the back, three images from the Cantrills' own expanded cinema exhibition at a Melbourne art gallery in February 1971.

In other issues appear essays on Artaud, Moholy-Nagy, René Clair's and Eric Satie's collaboration for **Entr'acte**, and on other figures and events in the past and present of experimental film. Gregory Markopoulos has contributed three short essays, and there are writings by and/or about Paul Sharits, Jud Yalkut, Robert Nelson, Nam June Paik, Stan Brakhage, Mike Kuchar, as well as a number of Australian filmmakers. There are articles on Super 8 filmmaking, on experimental video, on scratch-on-paint-on films, on processing film, and many other things which interest the Cantrills. Most issues include some very good graphics, as well.

Though the Cantrills have lately been in the US (at the University of Oklahoma), subscriptions and back issues should be ordered from Cantrill's Filmnotes, Box 1295L GPO, Melbourne 3001, Australia. Subscription rates outside Australia are: individuals, $US 7.20 per year; institutions, $US 8.50 per year; back issues, $US 1.45.

It is not often one can support a worthy cause, and get something as good as **Cantrill's Filmnotes** at the same time.

Bill Wees,
McGill University,
Montreal

Resources Newsletter is about "changing needs and aspirations, new ideas, products and services, and the people, groups, and organizations that are changing and creating." In the first couple of issues, you can find out: how to discover what the FBI's National Crime Information Center has got on you; where to write to get a computer model of the U.S. Supreme Court (predict their decisions and amaze your friends); and how to join a travel club that can — among other bargains — fly you from New York to L.A. for $69. Subscriptions to the monthly are $5 a year, from Resources, Box 490, Somerville, Mass. 02144 (they'll send you a free sample copy on request, even).

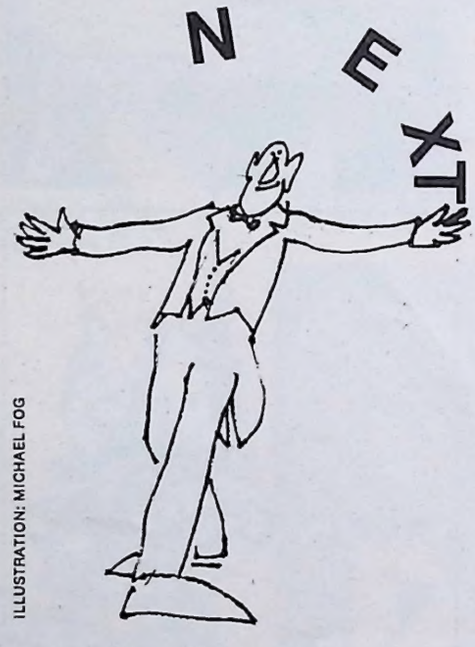
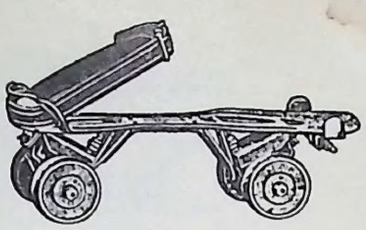


ILLUSTRATION: MICHAEL FOG

Rossellini interviewed

plus
Joe Kane on
Beauties, Beasts and
Male Chauvinist Monsters

and
John Morthland with just
exactly what you've always
wanted to know about
Pornographic Films



We very much regret that the March slowdown by Montreal "inside workers" and the ensuing Canadian general postal strike delayed the arrival of our last issue at retail outlets. Luckily, most subscribers received their copies before the strike took full effect. — *Pub.*

CLASSIFIEDS

20 cents a word (minimum $5). Rates for more than one insertion supplied on request. Payment must accompany order.

FILMMAKER SEEKS CINEMATIC REFERENCES TO "THE BRONX". In what films is the Bronx the setting or the point of departure? What actors and directors were born there? Please write: Bronxfilm, Box 394, Bronx, N.Y. 10462.

STILLS, POSTERS, LOBBIES, PRESS BOOKS, SHEET MUSIC, etc. From Chaplin through Chabrol. Lists 50¢ or send wants (SASE). F.P.S. Archives, 1376 Edendale, Cleveland, Ohio 44121. (216) 382-3108

FEEDBACK

TAKE ONE welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters over 500 words in length. The editors assume that any letter received (unless otherwise stated) is free for publication.

Siegel's women

Stuart M. Kaminsky is wrong when he writes (in Vol. 3 No. 11) "... women in a (Don) Siegel film, when they exist, are either evil or objects — and **Charley Varrick** is no exception."

Siegel has presented many strong, intelligent, and courageous women in his films. Shirley MacLaine's prostitute masquerading as a nun in **Two Mules For Sister Sara** is one example, and Delores Del Rio's portrayal of Elvis Presley's Indian mother in **Flaming Star** is another. Both these characters are central to the narrative, and both are completely sympathetic. Indeed, Delores Del Rio's character is truly noble.

The Beguiled, which Siegel thinks is his best film, will, no doubt, be hissed

off the screen by the storm trooperettes of Feminism when it begins to be shown in college film courses. Nevertheless, to classify Geraldine Page's and Elizabeth Hartman's subtle and moving characterizations as simply an evil woman and a sex object, which we are forced to do if limited to the confines of Mr. Kaminsky's pronouncement, is intellectually dishonest.

Even **Charley Varrick** has a female character who refutes Mr. Kaminsky's statement — Varrick's wife. She is a partner in the bank robbery with the key job of getaway driver, which she carries out although mortally wounded. Hardly a stereotyped role for a woman.

Inger Stevens in **Madigan** and Susan Clark in **Coogan's Bluff** are other examples of complex and basically sympathetic Siegel women.

To present Siegel as simply a fine action director, who is good at showing men in conflict, without offering any real analysis of the roles of his women is to deny an important facet of his art. I thought Mr. Kaminsky, as an admirer of Siegel's work, might be immune to the Feminist dogma that is currently stifling intellectual inquiry in North America — but apparently not. Regardless, I am looking forward to his book on Siegel.

Jock Penn
San Francisco, Calif.

Unsolicited Fan Mail

Please find enclosed check to cover costs of a twelve-issue subscription to *Take One* magazine.

No American film journal seems to offer the caliber of writing I found in your last issue.

Doro Bachrach
New York City 10028

(Ed. Note: Ms. Bachrach is the producer of the recently-completed — by an all-woman crew — film, **The Waiting Room.**)

The Last Tango Letters (concluded)

Herman Weinberg seems to be obsessed with denigrating **Last Tango in Paris**, since his scorn surfaces in his every column. I won't go into the psychology of a man who, each month, in a sort of running review of a year-old film, resurrects his proclaimed "espèces de merde", instead of flushing them out of his mind once and for all; but it seems indicative that when he wants to curse, he does it in French, which gives "the Lubitsch touch" to reality, I suppose. Luckily, for those of us who want more, there are men like Bertolucci.

As for Mr. Weinberg: He is so encrusted with the past that he thinks to fascinate us with the information that Brigitte Helm would have been a pediatrician if not for a pushy stage-mother. Really, even for such an informal scholar as Mr. Weinberg, this is excessive. What next? Von Sternberg's favorite brand of toothpaste?

Laurence Dankel
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11226

Accentuating the Positive

Terror at the thought of being goulashed to death forces me to reply to Ms. A. Ibranyi-Kiss of Toronto, who complains about my spelling in the 'Feedback' column in Vol. 4 No. 1.

I'd like to assure her and anyone else who may be annoyed that I do know how to spell the name of Laszlo Kovacs; I attribute the error to some printer and/or proof-reader. Actually, it's László Kovács; I left out on the accents because my typewriter doesn't have them and, anyway, Mr. Kovacs doesn't use them any more.

Pierre Greenfield
Pembrokeshire, Wales

FESTIVALS AND COMPETITIONS

Deadline for entries to the **Sixth International Nyon Film Festival** is September 1st (the films must arrive in Switzerland no later than Sept. 15th). The competition is open to films of less than 60 minutes in length (16mm independently-produced documentaries may be longer), made during the preceding two years. There is no entry fee. Write: Société Suisse des Festivals Internationaux de Cinéma, 11, rue d'Italie, CH-1204 Genève, Switzerland. (The director of the festival, Mr. M. de Hadeln, will be visiting North America June 4 through 20. Filmmakers interested in meeting him are asked to contact the Swiss General Consulates at either 1572 McGregor, Montreal 109 or 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.)

The **Ninth Tokyo International Amateur Film Contest** is to be held this fall (entry deadline August 31) and is open to 8mm and 16mm films produced since January 1972 by non-professional filmmakers (films must be less than 20 minutes in length). Addresses are: The Japan Foundation, Daito Building, 3-7-1, Kasumigaseki, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan; or, c/o Japan Society Inc., 333 East 47th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Independent filmmakers from anywhere in the U.S. are invited to submit their films (16mm or Super-8) for the Seventh Annual **Brooklyn Film Festival** — deadline is July 21. There are entrance fees and a Grand Prize of $100. For a complete list of rules and regulations, write Brooklyn Arts & Culture Ass'n., 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238 (212-783-3077).

The Fifth International **Experimental Film Competition,** organized by the Royal Film Archive of Belgium, is to be held December 25, 1974 through January 2nd, 1975. Sound or silent films, in 16mm or 35mm, may be entered and there are interesting prizes. Deadline is Sept. 1 of 1974. Entry forms from the Secretariat at: Palais des Beaux-Arts, 23 Ravenstein, 1000 Brussels.

The **International Film & TV Festival** of New York is to be held November 4 through 8 this year, encompassing all aspects of commercial film production (from filmstrips through industrial films to tv programs and promotional films). Details and entry blanks: The International FTF Corporation, 251 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

The **Canada Council** has prepared a brochure "to describe to the film professional, including persons working on other related forms such as video, the various programs of assistance offered by the Council, including Film Production and Post Production Grants, Short Term Grants, Travel and Project Cost Grants." Successful applicants will have completed their basic training, produced a body of work (or established a professional reputation), and be either a Canadian citizen or have landed immigrant status. Write: The Canada Council, Arts Division, P.O. Box 1047, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5V8.

Michigan State University is sponsoring its second residential program for filmmaking, **Focal Point II,** June 23 through July 6 (deadline for registration, June 18). Featuring outstanding teachers and nationally-prominent filmmakers, this is to be a comprehensive 8mm and 16mm production seminar with all equipment and materials provided. Further information can be had from: Michigan State University, Southeast Regional Center, P.O. Box 827, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013 (313-645-1303)

ROSSELLINI

Four feature films now available in 16mm and 35mm for USA only.

SOCRATES 1970 Color 120 min.

A superb recreation of Ancient Greece and the last years of Socrates by a master of Modern Cinema.

"Where others will be arriving in twenty years, he has already been." — Jean-Luc Godard

"Socrates is the sublimely logical extension of Rossellini's long mural of cinematic meditation. It is defiantly and majestically cinema à la Rossellini." — Andrew Sarris, Village Voice

"There is in this fidelity a kind of beauty and poetry that are all but unknown in the work of other contemporary film-makers." — Vincent Canby, New York Times

PAISAN 1946 B&W 115 min.

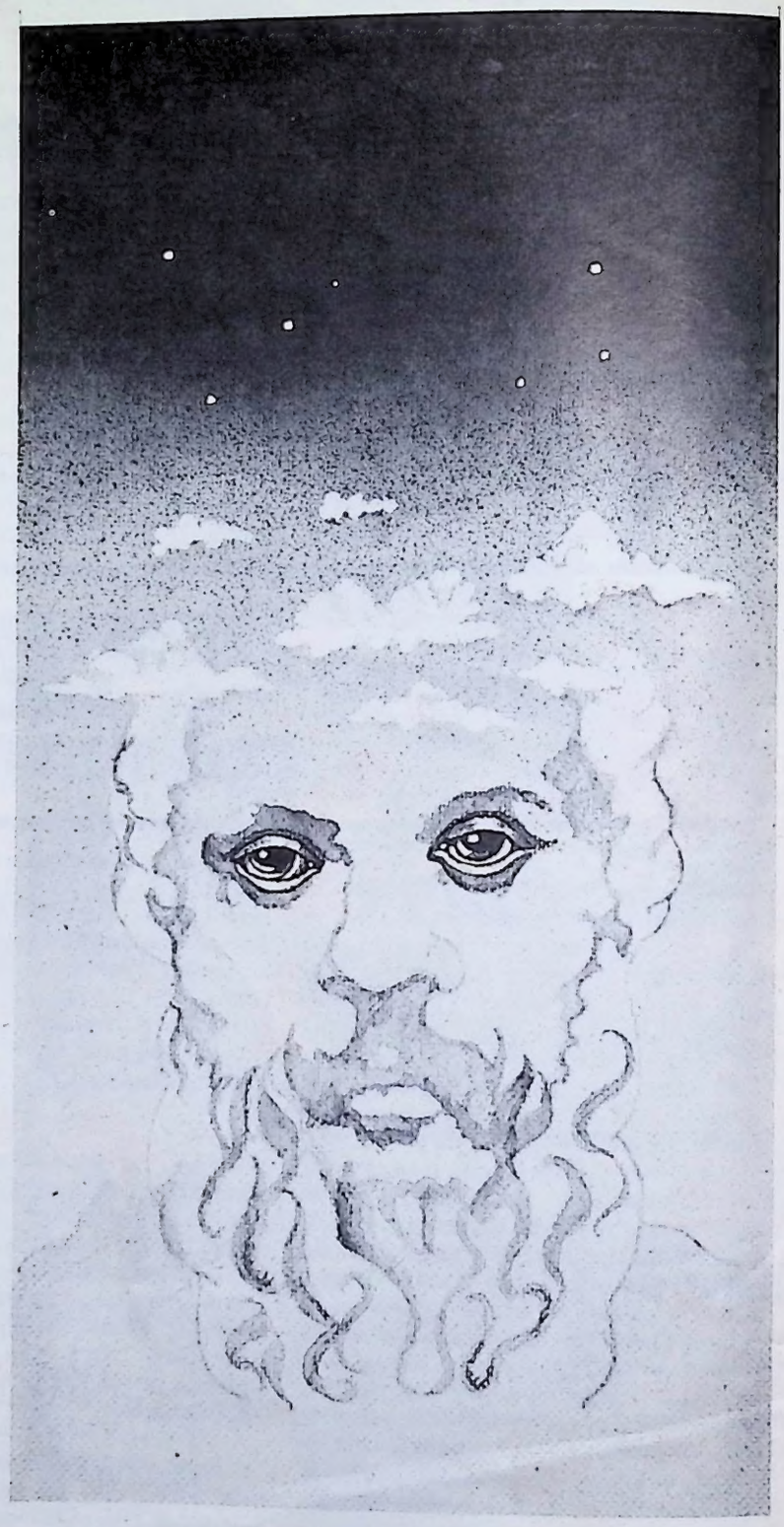
The famous Neo-Realist masterpiece.

THE MIRACLE 1948 B&W 45 min.

A twenty-year old "scandal", it can be seen for the beauty of its Christian parable; and for Anna Magnani's truly inspired performance. The film also stars Federico Fellini, who wrote the story.

VOYAGE TO ITALY 1953 B&W 85 min.

The key link between Neo-Realism and the subjective cinema of the 1960s, starring Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders.



NEW YORKER FILMS

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The News Page

The truth 24 times per second.

Since Radley Metzger announced plans to film the anonymous erotic French novel *L'Image*, no less than 486 people have called or written to claim authorship. **The Picture**, as it's called, recently completed shooting in Paris.

US **popcorn** production in 1973 totalled nearly 471 million pounds — or 10 percent below the 1972 crop (and nearly 17% below the record 1971 output). Growers in Indiana and Iowa accounted for nearly half the production. Just thought you'd like to know.

Follow-Up:

(1) Roberto Rossellini (see this issue) is returning to theatrical films with **De Gasperi: The Tense Years** (the story of Italy's post-war Prime Minister). He is also scheduled to direct **The Messiah,** an American-Italian co-production to be shot in Tunis, Jordan, Israel and Egypt.

(2) Constantin Costa-Gavras (interviewed in our Vol. 3 No. 12) is variously reported as filming (in Rome) **Mr. Klein?,** as about to film **The Magnate** (about Greek shipping tycoons), and as working on a film set in occupied France. Anyway, he's given up on Watergate.

(3) Louis Malle's **Lacombe Lucien** (reviewed in our last issue) is to be distributed in the US and Canada by Twentieth Century-Fox.

(4) Jerry Bruck (see our Vol. 3 No. 12 News page) has been invited to screen his **I.F. Stone** film as part of the Critics Week at the current Cannes Film Festival.

(5) Bruce Lee's **Enter the Dragon** (see Phil Ochs' appreciation in this issue) has become Warner Bros.'s second highest foreign money-maker in company history (its total of $14 million is second only to **My Fair Lady**).

(6) We don't know if Monte Hellman (see the interview in our last issue) is still planning to shoot his Robbe-Grillet film there, but he did make it to Hong Kong. He's directing **Shatter,** a Hammer-Shaw Brothers co-production.

(7) As if being an independent distributor of special-interest films weren't enough trouble as it is, it has now been reported (by Senator Lowell Weicker) that a series of 1971 memos from John Caulfield to John Dean described preparations the White House could undertake to initiate "discreet I.R.S. audits" of Emile de Antonio — producer of the film **Millhouse: A White Comedy** — and the film's distributor, Dan Talbot (see our interview with him in the last issue). Among the damning accusations against the film was one from undercover investigator Anthony T. Ulasewicz, who had had his pocket picked while attending a screening of de Antonio's film. You can't trust anyone these days.

New York Magazine's Intelligencer swears that shooting on Universal's **Jaws** was stymied when the script called for a giant white shark to leap out of the water into a boat full of fishermen and the largest shark they could find was a piddly little ten-footer. Then (it says here) co-producer Dick Zanuck saved the day by having a half-scale boat built, and filling it with perfectly-formed midgets — "so that the leaping ten-foot shark would look twice as big."

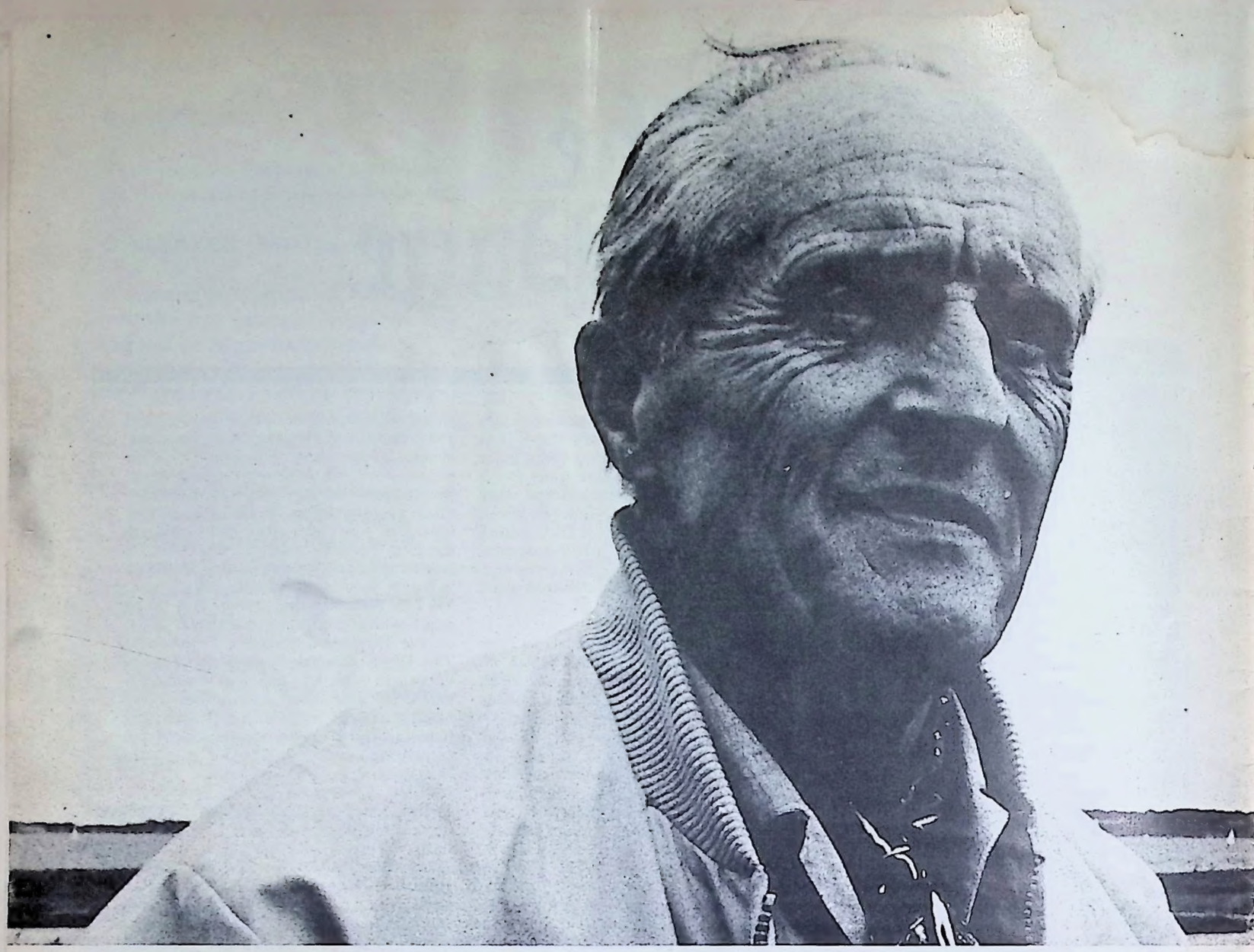
Responding to movie-goers' demands for more authentic locales, Italian filmmakers are increasingly shooting their westerns in, of all places, the United States. **My Name is Nobody** (Henry Fonda and Terence Hill in a Leone production), **Tough Guy** (Ernest Borgnine and Robert Blake), **The Man with the Icy Eyes** (all-Italian cast), and **Consigliori** (starring Martin Balsam) are among the recent films to have reversed a long-standing trend. At the same time, though, a Hong Kong firm has been shooting, in Italy, on its production of **The Kung Fu Brothers in the Wild West**.

May sees the first appearance of a new **film magazine,** *Jump Cut*, "a review of contemporary cinema... committed to developing film criticism which recognizes theoretical perspectives such as structuralism, semiology, and marxism, and film in a social and political context." A one-year (six-issue) subscription is $3. From: *Jump Cut*, 3138 West Schubert, Chicago, Illinois 60647.

The censor in British Columbia not only classifies films but also adds little notes of warning to the advertising. Eg.: **Blazing Saddles:** "Mature. Warning: Parents; A comedy with some coarse language"; **Don't Look Now:** "Restricted. Warning: Some brutality and nude sex"; **Bordello:** "Restricted. Warning: Sex, violence and coarse language". And our favourite, **The Three Musketeers:** "General. Warning: Considerable amount of sword fighting."

Claude Chabrol has made his first **commercial.** It's for Winston cigarettes.

Production Notes from All Over: The King of Morocco, Colonel Gaddafi of Libya and the sheiks of Kuwait and Bahrain are bankrolling (to the tune of $8 million) **Mohammed — The Messenger of God,** with Anthony Quinn and Irene Pappas heading the English-language version... Universal has signed Alan J. Pakula to produce and direct **One More Song** (tentative title). He is also set to direct the film version of Mordecai Richler's **St. Urbain's Horseman...** Luis Bunuel has completed shooting on **The Phantom of Liberty,** starring some 60 major actors. The 73-year-old director says it's his last feature... AIP's **The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat** is now scheduled for a June release, with some 50% of the picture estimated to have been re-written to keep up with the most recent developments (there's a secretary in the film, for instance, who has four additional arms just for handling runaway tape)... Alan Bates is scheduled to play the part of Brendan Behan in a film version of Behan's widow's book, **My Life With Brendan...** Martin Ritt (**Sounder, Conrack**) is planning his comedy attack on the Hollywood blacklist. To be called **The Front,** it stars Woody Allen as an untalented writer who fronts for three or four gifted, but blacklisted, screenwriters... Don Siegel has been set to direct and produce (later this year) **Paradise Mountain,** to be shot entirely on location in West Virginia... The first week of June has been planned as the start of shooting on Peter Bogdanovich's **At Long Last Love,** a circa - 1930 Cole Porter musical high-lighted by some 23 of Porter's tunes integrated into the comedy-romance script... The government of West Bengal is to back Satyajit Ray's new film. **Sonar Kella,** with a subsidy of $130,000 (the same state financed **Pather Panchali**)... Richard Lester wrapped up principal photography on **Juggernaut** in just 16 days... Ken Russell is set to direct (but not til next year) **Karate Is a Thing of the Spirit** — with Ryan O'Neal hopefully in the lead roll... Among the suspects aboard as Sidney Lumet directs **Murder on the Orient Express** in London are Sean Connery, Ingrid Bergman, Lauren Bacall, Vanessa Redgrave, Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Perkins, Ralph Richardson, Richard Widmark and Michael York. Albert Finney plays Hercule Poirot... David Lean was supposed to start this month on his remake of **The Good Earth...** Shirley MacLaine will star, later this year, in **Amelia,** based on the adventurous life of Amelia Earhart, to be scripted by New York columnist Pete Hamill... Franco Zeffirelli was to start shooting, last month, on his new film, **The Inferno,** based on Dante's famous work (to be filmed in Yugoslavia's Postumia caves, the film was reported to star George C. Scott and Peter O'Toole, with music by Shostakovich and choreography by Moiseyev)... Also last month, Bernardo Bertolucci was to kick off **1900** (about the 20th Century), starring Dominique Sanda, Maria Schneider and Alida Valli... And, finally, April was the scheduled start-date for the five-week location-shooting on **Monty Python and the Holy Grail.** The film (produced by one-time *Take One* contributor Mark Forstater, and backed by — among others — Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd) is scheduled to open in November and is described by its makers as a "cheap medieval extravaganza".



Shading his eyes from the Martha's Vineyard sun, René Clair looked every bit the tourist and even spoke like one, marvelling at the podunk charm of Edgartown. He had just returned from an automobile tour of the island with host Garson Kanin, an old speedster, and the famous filmmaker was slightly out of breath, if all smiles.

Dressed in a hodge-podge of national styles, including a very American all-weather jacket and a very French neckerchief, René needed only a camera to complete the cliché of amateur snap-shot hunter.

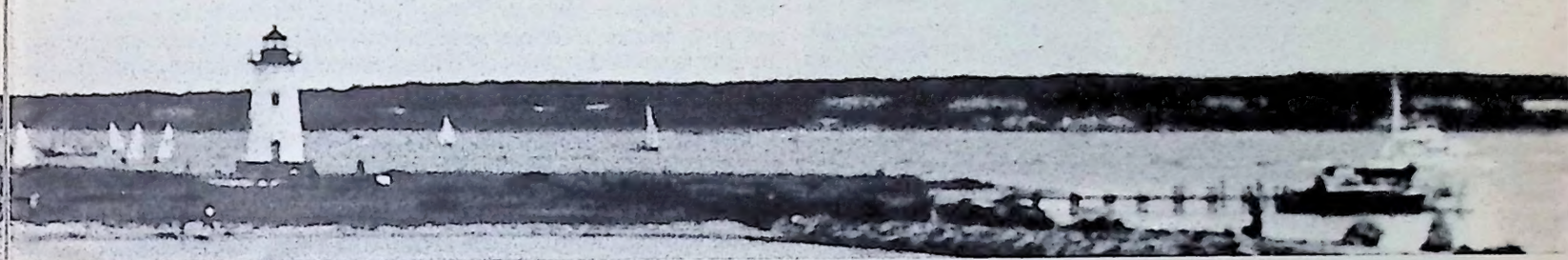
Given a camera, however, he would have been transformed, as if by magic, in the eyes of knowing cinéastes everywhere, into René Clair the professional, the visitor to the United States who has been here before and plainly left his mark. Like many of his fellow countrymen, René fled his native France during World War II, to work first in England, on such films as **The Ghost Goes West** (1936) and later in America's Hollywood, on such minor gems as **I Married a Witch** (1942).

But the director is better known, and usually better praised, for his indigenous works — among them some genuine classics, including the silents **Entr'Acte**, produced in 1924 for a surrealist ballet with music by Erik Satie, and **The Italian Straw Hat** (1927); and the early sound **Le Million** (1931) and **À Nous la Liberté** (1932).

After World War II, Clair returned to France and continued his acclaimed career with films such as **Le Silence est d'Or** in 1947 and **Les Grandes Manoeuvres** in 1956. His last film, **Les Fêtes Ga-**

René Clair

by Patrick McGilligan
and Debra Weiner



lantes was completed in 1965 — and the 75 year-old director, still strong and healthy, though counting his cigarettes nowadays, is busy with other projects and denies any interest in future filming.

Originally a writer, a film critic and journalist in his youth, Clair's first love is everlasting. Above all, he considers himself an author. Besides his *Reflections on the Cinema,* Clair has also published several editions of his film scripts. Those few films which he neither conceived nor wrote — and his highly-praised adaptation of Agatha Christie's *And Then There Were None* is one — he blankly disclaims.

Inducted into the Académie Française in 1962, Clair is among the most celebrated artists of the cinema. His fame as a director of fantasy (ghosts are a favorite subject) has led to his somewhat tarnished reputation in America as a director of fluff, typified by Andrew Sarris' belief that Clair, "once too good to be called the French Lubitsch, now seems more like the French Mamoulian." Regardless, there is a charm, a wit — and yes, a spirit — about his works that is distinctive.

A new generation of filmgoers are re-discovering those qualities at film society showings, moviehouse revivals, cinema classes and on Saturday morning television. Clair is daily being vindicated by smiles.

This interview was conducted in late August, 1973, on Martha's Vineyard at the summer home of Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon.

Q: You are known primarily as a writer and director of comedies. Why are you inclined towards comedy instead of drama or tragedy?

Clair: My dear... why are you blonde or brunette? Naturally.

At the beginning of your career, in 1923, you directed your first film, entitled Paris Qui Dort or The Crazy Ray. Like so many of your later films, The Crazy Ray blends science fiction and farcical humor. We have not seen the film, because it is so rare, but a friend of ours recently saw a print here in America.

Excuse me, but I must say that your friend did not see The Crazy Ray. I know the print which is owned by Henri Langlois and the French Cinémathèque, the Museum of Modern Art, even in Moscow and everywhere. The print is a bad one... the original negative of the film was lost somewhere, nearly thirty years ago. I recut the film myself two or three years ago after I found parts of the original negative. It is now more or less as it was — a little shorter, but more faithful to what I intended it to be at the time I made it. Unfortunately, this print does not exist yet in America. And this version which belongs to the Cinémathèque... well, I don't understand it myself.

Our question, nevertheless... we are told that there is a recurrent image in the film that seems to be significant — a fellow who is frozen in the path of his suicide leap off a Parisian bridge. He re-appears several times in the film, as do many of the other Parisians who are "frozen" by the Crazy Ray which has paralyzed the city. Presumably, he will complete his suicide jump when the ray vanishes at the end of the film. Is this intended as rather an ironic comment, a deliberate juxtaposition of humor and pathos?

No... The Crazy Ray is a farcical comedy, even slapstick. The city of Paris is suddenly put asleep and all the people stay in the positions they have. This fellow was waiting to jump into the Seine River and he was stuck there. But all the people in the film are stopped in different gestures and on different occasions. It was just one of the various gags about people being stuck in the middle of their activities.

This device — repeating a particular joke or gag — happens again and again in The Crazy Ray. In fact, it seems to be a technique which you have used during your entire career.

There are two things about gags which, for me, are very important. First, when a gag is going to be good, the public feels it and laughs before the gag. That's a very strange thing which I have never been able to explain... they know better than we do. And secondly, about the repetition of gags... when you invent a gag which is good, it is all right once... if you repeat it twice, it is better... the third time, even better, they laugh more and more. If you go and repeat it a fourth or fifth time, it stops. You never know when. It is very strange. I've stopped gags too soon. It infuriates me and I don't want to see the pictures again. "Oh Christ," I say, "if I knew they weren't going to stop, I'd have done it once or twice more." But you never know in advance... that's the thing about comedy, do you see? It is the opposite with tragedy. Poor mother there... her child is sick... you go for a doctor... the snow is falling... it can go on for twenty minutes like that, but in comedy you can't. Nothing is more dangerous. You never know when they are going to laugh. There are some things in a picture I made in England, called The Ghost Goes West, which, for a long time after seeing the film, I didn't understand why the audience was laughing at.

Perhaps one reason why audiences laugh at The Ghost Goes West, in places that you had not expected is because of the difficulty of making a film in other than your native language. How did you cope with overcoming the national sensibility, when you worked first in England and then in America?

I always worked in collaboration on my English and American films. I wouldn't dare write without the help of an American or a British collaborator. There is a difference and I must be very careful of that.

When you are in a different country with different types of actors and different types of mentality, you must adapt yourself to these new conditions. I don't believe you can make intelligent or exciting films unless you make a very good national film, expressing the qualities of your race. A Russian picture has to be Russian. An American picture has to be American.

That is why I am not very satisfied with the trend in French production. Their important productions need American money, which really is very bad because of American influence. It would be just as bad if French influence were too strong in America.

You must notice that I was very careful and I never made a Hollywood picture in England or America. You need English or American collaborators. I tried my best because I had seen German directors come to Paris and make a French picture and it made me laugh.

I will tell you the real story of The Ghost Goes West, if you are interested. Once I was in London for the premiere of one of my French pictures and had dinner with Alex Korda. I knew Alex when he was in France, and then he went to England to become a producer. "Oh, I just bought a very, very short novel published in *Punch* which might interest you," he said. "It's called *Sir Tristan Goes West.*" I read it and liked it and I asked Alex, "Did you buy it? Yes? Would you sell it to me?" He said, "No, I don't want to sell it, but if one day you are free you can make a picture for me." Well, I didn't think at the time that I would be free, but suddenly things happened. I went to Alex and said, "Are you still interested in the film?" and he said "Yes." He gave me a great writer, Robert E. Sherwood, the dramatist, and we wrote the script together, Bob and I. He was terribly helpful to me because he was a great writer and, simply, because for the first time I was writing something which was not coming from my country, or from my language.

Do most of your films have what may be described as happy endings?

A comedy has to have a happy ending. Otherwise, it is not a comedy. More or less happy, that is. That is why the ending of a comedy is almost always false, because things don't finish happily in life. It's almost a little trick, but in Shakespeare's comedy or Moliere's comedy or even my comedy, they finish happily because that's the law of comedy. It's much more difficult to make a good ending to a comedy than a tragedy, because in a tragedy you just kill everybody off and it's finished. I know very few comedies with a good ending. I mean a natural ending. It's always a little false, you know.

On the other hand, many of your comedies have deliberately tragic overtones and have been nicknamed "comédies tragiques" for that very reason.

I have called them that myself. Why? Because they are deeper and more tragic than the traditional comedy; to give them a sense of life. For example, there is a film I made called Les Grandes Manoeuvres. Have you seen it? That you should see... there are certain parts I'm satisfied with. It's a long story, rather deep, and it is supposed to be rather moving. Well, I would not call it a comedy — there are some comedic scenes in it — but the real tendency of the story is not, in fact, comedic but tragic. It is a sad, little story. Very sad, in a philosophical sense. It is, you know, the first time they were speaking of the atomic bomb and I made an allusion that the devil was, in spirit, this scientific disaster.

Do your films affect you, or affect audiences, in the same way as they did when they were first produced?

No, never. Even among the great masters... Chaplin, for example... I'm old enough to have seen The Gold Rush at its premiere in Paris... well, people were literally dying

Patrick McGilligan is currently working on a James Cagney book for Tantivy Press, and has written for Film Quarterly, *and* Velvet Light Trap. *Debra Weiner writes regularly for the* Daily Cardinal.

of laughter. I know that, for myself, I couldn't look at the screen. I was sick with laughter! Since then, thirty or so years later, I have seen a very good re-issue of The Gold Rush... and people were again laughing but it was not the same. Do you see? It was not the same.

And I had an experience myself with one of my own pictures. When I made that film, Beauty and the Devil (1950), it was first shown at two main theatres in Paris. In one of the theatres, the picture stayed twelve weeks, which was an enormous amount of time and, for three or five years — I don't know exactly how long — it recorded the highest number of public. About ten years later, the picture was shown again in a theatre in Paris which was, I would say, a distance of three hundred yards from the first one. It stayed one week. Same film. Same film, same district!

I would say that most films, like most plays, have a certain radioactivity, like sparkling water. Then you open the bottle... after that, it is the same water and the same bottle and it is still full but the radioactivity has disappeared. Which is not true with novels, because with novels the printed pages give the imagination more liberty. In film it is impossible. It remains the same.

We know that you have written most of the films you have directed, but did you also always edit your own films?

Of course... even in America. I was lucky to be able to do it in Hollywood.

When you wrote your film scripts, did you ever include technical instructions such as camera angles or editing schemes?

In the beginning, yes. In the beginning, I was very careful about technical things. Practically everything was written. Then, when the time came, and I was writing my own material, I knew what I was going to shoot, more or less. Then I had no need to put technical instructions into the script. I don't know whether everybody is the same... When you begin as a director, you're much more interested in camera technique, and it's a rather long time after that that you become interested in directing actors.

Which of the various tasks of the filmmaker do you consider to be the most important?

Like a few directors who write their own material, I prefer to write myself. There are three operations — conceiving the idea and writing it, editing, and direction. If I had to make a choice of two of these things, I would take writing and cutting. For me, direction is less important because if a film is well written, the director cannot do very much... the difference is not very important. If a person does not have control of the editing, the editor can do anything he wants with his film. For me, control of the film is the most important thing and control should be made first by writing it yourself and then by editing it yourself.

You were a genuine auteur before the word — are you familiar with the auteur theory?

I have read about that, occasionally. I really don't know what it means. I know it is a theory, and applicable, perhaps, to a director like Chaplin who wrote what he's shooting or René Clair who wrote what he's shooting or Ernst Lubitsch who frequently co-wrote what he was shooting. But what is the auteur theory? What does it mean?

Simply, that certain directors' films represent a body of work with coherent themes or styles, sometimes regardless of whether that certain director wrote his films or not. Howard Hawks, for example, is widely considered to be an auteur.

Howard Hawks was chosen by his studio because the studio had a property which seemed convenient for him. (laughing) No... those people have not known the old Hollywood. They speak of the dream Hollywood. If you shoot *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the author of the play is obviously Shakespeare. You can direct it in your own way, but...

You have always been a severe critic of Hollywood, even though you spent your wartime years in America, working in Hollywood. How did you adjust to the Hollywood method of filmmaking?

After the success of my first film, I was asked to come to Hollywood many times, but I always turned the offers down because I knew that their system of production was completely opposed to my individualism. In France I could do practically anything I wanted to. But, in 1940, I had my choice between Hitler and Hollywood and I preferred Hollywood. (laughing) Just a little.

I went to Hollywood and it was difficult, of course. But I was rather lucky because I could work more or less independently so I did not have big troubles. I was offered a seven-year studio contract, which I turned down because I did not want to become a slave of the producers. I made much less money than my American counterparts because I made pictures only when I felt that I had a chance of doing something that I wanted to do. I didn't do everything that I wanted to, no, but I was not obliged to do things that I would not like to do. That's why I only made four films in five years, while my American counterparts were making a dozen or so. Of course, you must admit that a few of them were working like me: Frank Capra, Preston Sturges and sometimes Ernst Lubitsch. They were people who were writing or co-writing while they also were directing films that they had not written or not even cut.

No... I'm not antagonistic to Hollywood. I'm antagonistic to the big Hollywood system which deprived us of

geniuses like von Stroheim who could have made many more pictures if Hollywood had not killed him. Or Orson Welles... he was a great man and he couldn't get along with Hollywood because he was too much of an individualist. But Hollywood has given us a lot of great films...

You have written that American films were among the most unrealistic films ever produced by any country.

In the old days, Hollywood was a paradise, a dream. And I wrote too that we cannot speak of realism in that era of the American picture because, after all, America was a great country of farmers where you never saw a farmer on the screen. It was an artificial world. Now, it's changed. Things are much closer to the real thing.

Didn't you sue Chaplin long ago, claiming that he had modelled his Modern Times after your À Nous La Liberté?

À Nous La Liberté and Modern Times! If you could see the two films at the same time, at one sitting, well you would be struck by the comparison. And the truth is that, of course, Chaplin never admitted it. The company for which I made À Nous La Liberté sued United Artists, which had made Modern Times, for plagiarism. And, of course, I was asked to take part in the suit and I always refused. I said I know that Chaplin has seen À Nous La Liberté... it is enough to look at his film. I know, according to the date that he had made his film, two or three years after mine, I had no doubt about that. But I said... like many directors, I have found many inspirations from Chaplin's work and it is a great honor for me if he took his inspiration from my work. That's all I can say.

Do you ever regret the passing of the silent cinema?

Sound came too soon, before we could explore all the visual possibilities of film. What I felt — and it happened — was that directors or writers, with sound at their disposal, with the easy way of expressing themselves of an action, they would not go on trying to find a visual expression of an action. Talk became so important that you could close your eyes and listen and understand what was happening. That's not cinema, that's radio. Many directors, like von Stroheim, Chaplin and me, were really hoping that we could build a sort of visual esperanto all over the world with silent films.

Who influenced your style of comedy, literary and cinematic?

Literary?

Molière?

Oh, Molière? Yes, very much. La Biche? Yes, La Biche wrote *An Italian Straw Hat* from which I made a film. And, of course, cinematically speaking, the very, very early kinds of motion picture, and the primitive French film. After that, no doubt, the American films which I saw before I was interested in motion pictures, while I was still a journalist. Mack Sennett, Chaplin... that great gang taught me a lot of things. Now, literarily speaking — that is, when I write motion pictures — and this will surprise you, I have been influenced by a great English writer named G.K. Chesterton.

Throughout your career, you have been steadfast in your inclination towards fantasy. You seem utterly opposed to any sense of realism. Why do you prefer to work within a framework of fantasy?

It is true that I don't like realism very much. I could not explain it exactly... maybe it is because I like, as much as I can, to create a little world of my own, which I could not do with realism.

Is your aversion to a realistic cinema the principal reason why you almost always utilize sound stage or interior sets as opposed to exterior or outdoor, natural scenery?

The real answer is that, in the old times, the sensitivity of the film itself was much less than it is today. You could not shoot a film in a room without a lot of light. We had to use certain studios in Hollywood because certain studios were more practical for lighting. That was the natural reason.

Now, the film is much more sensitive, allowing new directors to work with a camera, moving around without the big amount of material we needed in the old days. That is, more or less exactly, the difference of style of the new cinema.

Another reason — for me, the general reason — is that, in certain pictures, I like to create an imitation of reality in order to give the film a certain style. I remember a picture which was released here under the title The Gates of Paris (1957) that I shot almost entirely in the studio, interiors and exteriors. Then, for one little scene, I needed a street. Well, I could not build a street. For one thing, it was much too expensive. So I decided to go outside with my camera and crew and two actors. We shot the scene. It was easy. Later, when I was in the cutting room, I wanted to put that scene in the middle of two other scenes, but I couldn't because the difference was too obvious. I cut it. I cut it because it was a completely different style.

It is especially intriguing that, in perfect complement to your anti-realistic visual expression, so many of the subjects of your films are of a wholly fictitious, often fantastic nature — ghosts, life after death, witches and the like. Why?

It's probably a disposition of mine. It's true that my first film, The Crazy Ray, was something fantastic, it would even be called science fiction today. The second film I made was Entr'Acte (1924), something different; it was a dadaist, surrealist, small film made for a ballet, not the normal cinema. The third film I made was Le Fantôme du Moulin Rouge (1924) — hmmm? My fourth film, it is true, was Le Voyage Imaginaire (1925) which, as you know, is a story about dreams. After that I stopped for a while. I came back to fantasy when I made The Ghost Goes West.

Do you believe in ghosts? Or reincarnation? What is your attitude toward death?

Like everybody else, I will have my own sort of death. You'd be a damned fool if you didn't think you'd have to die someday. Of course, nobody can escape. But I don't think I've made any allusions to reincarnation in my films. Speaking of death, I will quote Hemingway, who said something one day. Someone asked him if he believed in God and Hemingway answered, "Sometimes, at night."

Your films seem to have one thematic element in common: a distrust of science and contempt for technology. Why is that?

Like many comedic authors, I am more or less a pessimist. I don't believe that humankind is going to progress. (laughing) And like all comedy authors, I am more or less a moralist.

Are there any contemporary directors that strike you as being especially talented?

Well, you know, I'm not very interested in motion pictures nowadays.

Are you currently working on any motion picture projects?

I don't think I will ever make another picture after being in the business so long. I don't need to make another picture because, after so much time, I would not like to repeat myself. And, really, I've made enough. While if a brilliant idea would come, I do not say that I would turn it down, even if the idea would come from the outside. But I'm not terribly excited about the prospects... I have other things to do. I am going back to my original tendencies. I write. I am finishing a book of short novels; I have a play that will be produced in Paris next February or March. And I direct on the stage now. I just directed an opera of Gluck's *Orpheus* for the re-opening of the Paris Opera House.

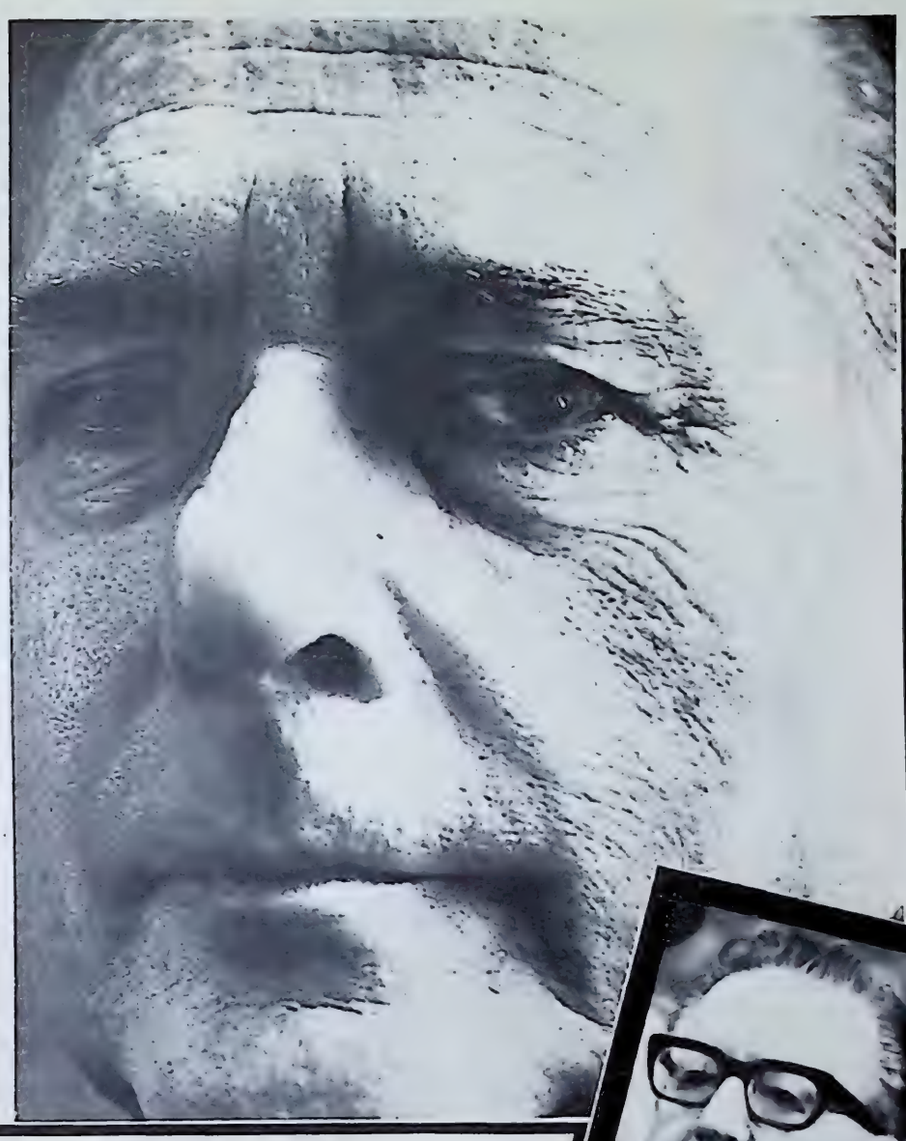
Do you consider yourself a classicist?

I would be very, very happy if other people would consider me a classicist. Well, well, well... every author has the hope of approaching some form of classicism, even as revolutionary as I tried to be myself in my youth.

END

1.
Roberto Rossellini 1974

by John H. Dorr



Roberto Rossellini

Salvador Allende

+2.
Interview with Salvador Allende

by Roberto Rossellini

1.

In the past ten years, Roberto Rossellini has produced over 40 hours of film, all part of the largest cultural undertaking ever attempted by a single contemporary artist: the history of man's evolution of consciousness.

Thus far in this huge undertaking, Rossellini has completed **The Age of Iron** (1964), **The Rise of Louis XIV** (1966), **Man's Struggle For Survival** (1967), **The Acts of the Apostles** (1968), **Socrates** (1970), **Blaise Pascal** (1972), **Augustine of Hippo** (1972), and **The Age of Cosimo de Medici** (1973). In various stages of production are: **Descartes, The Messiah, Science,** and **The Industrial Revolution.**

Rossellini is undoubtedly the most active major filmmaker of the 1970s, but there has as yet been little opportunity to see his new work. Only **The Rise of Louis XIV** has been widely seen by Western audiences, although a large portion of the new films have been shown on Italian television. In this country, Rossellini remains known primarily as the father of Neorealism for **Roma, Citta Aperta** (1945) and **Paisa** (1946). The rest of Rossellini's career has eluded popular recognition.

Because Rossellini has rigourously guarded his independence, his films have not been widely distributed. Because he has rigourously maintained an idealistic integrity of content, his films have never been commercially successful ("If my films are too successful, I must ask myself what have I done wrong".) But because Rossellini has rigourously pursued a vision the realization of which has permanently outdated the conventions of the traditional dramatic cinema, his films have been the acknowledged inspiration for the work of all major European directors, from Fellini and Antonioni in the '50s, through Godard, Rivette, and Truffaut in the '60s, to Bertolucci, Straub, and Werner Herzog in the '70s. Rossellini is the most important filmmaker in the contemporary cinema and the least known.

Rossellini's cinema is a cinema of ideas. While the realization of these ideas is formally beautiful and technologically amazing, there is no attempt to engage our emotions. The sensuality of historical re-creation is eschewed for the essence of historical documentation. In **Socrates**, it seems embarrassing for Rossellini to use a painted backdrop of the Acropolis that makes no attempt to deceive our well-trained eyes. But when Rossellini goes one step further by zooming in on the backdrop, the cinematic audaciousness of this move, defying our Hollywood expectations of simulation, leaves us questioning if maybe our eyes haven't been deceiving us. Maybe it was not a painted backdrop after all — otherwise, how would the director dare so openly to call our attention to it. But this is not the point.

The point is that the backdrop captures

John Dorr is a Los Angeles-based film historian and film maker who is a frequent contributor to Take One.

2.

This is a transcription and translation taken directly from the film, **Interview with Salvador Allende**, by Roberto Rossellini. Although Rossellini himself conducts the interview, he is only seen on camera a few times while asking questions. The film is black-and-white and 40 minutes long. Essentially, the camera concentrates on Allende, who is seated on a large sofa. There are occasional zooms in and out on Allende with infrequent cutaways to Rossellini, who is seated opposite him in a chair. Rossellini's son, Renzo Rossellini, Jr., is termed the "director" of this film. Although the picture was made substantially before Allende's death, it has received no commercial release. We would like to thank the Pacific Film Archives in Berkeley for the invaluable service they performed in screening this picture as a part of their major Rossellini retrospective. We also would like to thank Roberto Rossellini, Sylvia d'Amico, and Simone Swan for their generous assistance.

Copyright 1974
by Roberto Rossellini

ALLENDE: I'd like to tell you, Mr. Rossellini, how happy I am to be here and having this chat with you. I want to thank you for coming to Chile and thank your son Renzo too — I had the chance to talk to him a few days ago. The presence of a man like you here gives us great satisfaction because you, with your experience, are in a position to realize the usefulness of the struggle we are engaged on, and the reasons for this battle of ours.

ROSSELLINI: Thank you very much, and I can assure you that I am here with a real desire to take part in what you have set out to do. I have an immense sympathy for your ideals. We can begin our interview now if you are ready. Your policy is known, at least a general outline of it, and I'd like to know — in the role of "man in the street" — what is the goal of the man Allende who is the President of Chile?

ALLENDE: I come from a family that has been in public life for many years. For example, my father and my uncles were active members of the Radical Party when it was the foremost party of the avant-gardists. We must remember that this party was born "with a gun in its clenched fist," struggling against the conservative reaction. My grandfather, Dr. Allende Padin, was a Radical Senator, Vice President of the Senate; and he founded the first lay school in Chile in the last century. At that time, we had in Chile a Serene Grand Master of the Masons who was more dangerous then than an active member of the Communist Party is today. It wasn't long before I left my small home town — although I belonged to an average middle-class family — and I came to study medicine in Santiago. The medical students of that time were intellectually more advanced than I was, but that didn't stop me from being a good student. We used to meet to discuss social problems, to read Marx, Engels, Marxist theories. When I got my degree, I was capable of assessing exactly the real position of a doctor faced with a vast host of people in need of his aid. First, I'd like to point out that I didn't go to the university aiming at getting a degree as soon as possible in order to earn a living. I was an active member of student reform movements, struggling to better social conditions. I was expelled from the university, arrested, brought to trial, before I became a doctor, by three courts martial. I was set free, sent as a delegate to the north of Chile; and, as I mentioned to you previously, I began my professional career at Valparaiso. And I was faced with a lot of difficulties, although I'd been a good student and obtained a First Grade Degree with full marks. I'll give you an example: I went in for four government competitions for a professional post. In each I was the only entrant. Hence, I was the natural and only choice. But the post offered by the competitions was never filled. And why? Because of my student activities. I worked hard at Valparaiso in the only medical post there was for me to choose: assistant doctor in pathological anatomy. These hands of mine have carried out fifteen hundred autopsies, so I know what it is to love life as well as knowing the causes of death. When my job as doctor at Valparaiso ended, I dedicated myself to organising the Socialist Party. And I am the founder of the Valparaiso Socialist Party. In other words, I mean that it seems to me I have maintained a general course and consistency of policy from when I was a student up till today. No one could be a Socialist and have any other goals than mine then and now.

ROSSELLINI: What strikes me here in Chile is to see what a wide margin of freedom you leave to the opposition. It's enough to take a look at the Press to realize this. Almost all methods of informing public opinion — I mean not only the Press, but the radio too — are in the hands of the so-called Establishment. You never made use directly of even the television during your electoral campaign. What systems did you use then and are you using now to have your voice heard and influence your electors? You mean to tell me you can win elections without political publicity...?

ALLENDE: I'd like to remind you in the first place, Mr. Rossellini, that I, as an active member of the People's Party, have always had the people's struggle at heart — and their struggle here in Chile has been hard, very hard, for many years. We can't just take into consideration this last campaign. I have been a candidate on four different occasions. In 1951, in order to throw light on the fact and make the idea that there existed a different road from the one chosen by the Socialist Party. You see, I was expelled from the party because I was unable to accept their policy. From there I got into contact with the Communist Party, which was at that time illegal; and thus the seed was sown of what today is Popular Unity: a Communist-Socialist mutual understanding. It was a small group — Socialists and "illegal" Com-

the essence of the Acropolis more effectively than an expensive reconstruction would. We are freed from questions of historical accuracy, freed from evaluations of production values. We must simply accept that the Acropolis exists as an idea, and that in its embodiment as an idea, it finds its most perfect realization as form. And of course this concept of Platonic ideals and essential images is very much in keeping with the subject of the film.

Furthermore, Rossellini is too responsible a filmmaker to waste millions of dollars in impossible attempts at historical re-creation. For the budget of a travesty of history such as **Cleopatra**, Rossellini could re-create the whole history of mankind. An analogy is that Picasso can better capture the essence of a subject in a single line than some hack photographer who snaps a thousand different angles of the same subject.

Rossellini has devised his own special technology for the filming of his historical works. His methods of integrating backdrops with live settings, his remote control camera, his economical and ingenious staging, and especially his discoveries in lighting and colour involve methods of direction and technology unique to Rossellini, devised specifically for this huge project such that the filming can be carried out quickly and inexpensively, avoiding all the usual traps of the production-value mentality.

A scene of mass action on which another director might expend weeks of shooting is staged once by Rossellini and captured in its totality from a single camera set-up with a remote control zoom. Most directors try to compensate for the literalness of their staging through the activity of their editing, hoping to isolate the meaning of the action through a fragmenting analysis. Rossellini captures the meaning of a scene in his staging alone, such that his camera is free to move about the action without destroying its wholeness by emphasizing specific elements of drama. The scene retains its immediacy, its reality as event. For Rossellini, Neorealism is not a movement of social involvement, but a method of retaining immediacy — an eschewing of illusionistic tricks in favor of recording scenes as coherent wholes. We do not ask if these events could have happened or did happen, for they are happening before our eyes.

One might imagine that a film free of dramatic expectation would be dull and uninteresting — educational in the Encyclopedia Britannica sense. But Rossellini's narratives are all the more exciting in their freedom from traditional dramatic expectations — which are, after all, little more than a set of formal conventions overlaid upon some parallel of reality. We cannot telescope ahead predictively in a Rossellini film; every event is a total surprise and a new experience. Rosselli-

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munists — and I represented it. During 1951, I went all over the country, not with any electoral hopes, but with the aim of telling the people about the great possibilities that lay ahead if the parties of the working class united with the parties of the lower middle class. The force of this idea, that was born in 1951, cropped up with even more weight behind it in 1958. That year I lost the election by 30,000 votes. We would have won in 1964 if there had been three candidates. But the right wing candidate who was a radical practically withdrew; and that left Mr. Frei and me. The Right supported Frei. So I want to emphasize the fact that for many years I have been ceaselessly in close contact with the people through the People's parties. During my last campaign, I organized the committees of Popular Unity in every factory, in the suburbs, in the streets, and we set up committees in the primary schools, the high schools, in all industries, and the hospitals. The committees have been the "radio" that broadcast the ever widening waves of thought surging from Popular Unity out to the people. That is why, as you pointed out, although our means of information are somewhat restricted, we managed to pull off today's victory. Let's use an expression that may not be a political one, but it is clear: the crop reaped by the victory was sown many years ago. As the government in power today, we are thinking of using more progressive methods such as the radio and the television, but we intend to keep that man-to-man contact with the people. I can give you an example to explain what I mean: on Monday last week, I spoke to the young people at the first convention of Popular Unity Youth; on Tuesday, I spoke at CEPAL, where I talked about Chile's position, emphasizing once again the difference between the industrial areas and those in the process of being developed. That same day, I had to speak to the new doctors, the ones who have got their degrees this year. The next day, I gave a lesson in "technical training", shall we say — this is the nearest term that applies — at the State Technical University. The day after, a reunion at the Santiago Garrison with my 2,000 Army supporters and the Commander-in-Chief of the barracks' delegations. There were high officers, officers, non-commissioned officers, and troops. And the day after that, the first of May, I spoke from the grandstand. Were you there?

ROSSELLINI: I read about it in the papers.

ALLENDE: In any case, you can see that I have really kept in close contact with great sections of the public. This week, I met with leaders of peasant groups and with the trade union leaders of one of the companies that has been nationalized. Of course, the Popular Unity committees are in operation as well. Some of them work with purpose, but others have come almost to a standstill. Our big chances of success lie in giving a new lease of life to these committees so that the parties do not get out of touch with the masses. I don't think I'll lose. For example, I'm going to the copper mines next week. I have to speak to our comrades there for a while to make sure they understand their responsibilities. Workers, office staff, and technicians in Chile have the right to know that their country's basic salary is copper, and thus they must produce more, work harder, suit their capabilities and the reality of life in Chile to technology. There is no doubt that if we do not increase our production, if we are unable to reach the objectives we have laid down for an increase — of — more or less — 26% in respect to last year, our entire budget will be upset. Mr. Rossellini, I know you understand very well the importance of educating public opinion, of creating a political conscience, and making the workers understand that the revolution depends on them — that they themselves are the foundation stone of the revolution.

ROSSELLINI: In 1958, that is 12 years before the last elections, you lost by a narrow margin. At that time, hundreds of thousands of workers spontaneously demonstrated in the streets, convinced that there had been corruption and bribery going on during the elections. In addition to this pressure of public opinion the possibility arose, constitutionally, of your being elected instead of Alessandri. They said, if I have been correctly informed, that the retiring President Carlos Ibanez was prepared, if requested, to oppose his candidature to Alessandri's. You yourself and all you Socialists and Communists who form the government today, opted for absolute legality, accepted the results of the elections with tact, and calmed down the masses in revolt.

ALLENDE: Before responding to the points you make here, I'd like to make a correction I think is interesting. In 1958, FRAP (that's what it was called then — Popular Action Front) gained the majority of male votes. I won the majority with the men and lost with the women. In 1964, notwithstanding the fact that Frei was backed by sections of the right, we were equal in winning the male vote. But he beat me by a high percentage where the women were concerned. Now in 1970, the truth is that Alessandri and Tomic won more votes than me in the female ranks. I was far and away the winner with male votes. In 1958, however, conditions were different. Popular Unity at that time was represented above all by Socialists and Communists. And although we won thanks to the male vote, the Congress was differently composed from the way it is today. Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals had the majority. There was no chance, even with the support of the Christian Democrats, of my winning in Congress. Everything, absolutely everything in Chile was prearranged so that the victory would go to Alessandri. Furthermore, there is a tradition here that Congress always respects the victory in the elections. You can imagine how difficult it was to suppose that a Congress in which we did not have a majority would break this tradition to re-elect, in 1958, a Socialist candidate exclusively supported by the Communist Party. If we had thrown the people into the struggle, there would have been violent repression. It

ni is bored by the old conventions and unsympathetic to the laziness of the audience. Consequently, the experience of Rossellini's work is always challenging and often, on the first viewing, bewildering. One is constantly asking oneself why such and such a scene has been introduced, because the scene may seem extraneous to the conventions of narration. Perhaps only in retrospect do we realize the very essential function of the scene.

A film such as **The Age of Cosimo de Medici** begins by detailing 15th Century mercantilism and ends in a discourse on the aesthetics of the Renaissance mind. In its course, it also details the social, political, cultural, and everyday aspects of this crucial turning point in man's history. Only when we are aware that Rossellini is working on so many different levels of information simultaneously does the function of each scene become clear. At this point, the total meaning of the period in terms of human evolution becomes a revelation.

In Rossellini's abandonment of the fictional cinema we come to realize that melodrama and even drama exist only as projections of our mental activity — our emotional responses to the progressions of events that constitute life. Certainly neither Rossellini's staging nor his camera encourage us to react emotionally to the selection of events he choses to re-create for us. If a character is happy or unhappy, triumphant or defeated, we observe these fluctuations dispassionately and thus discover the mechanisms behind the vicissitudes of life.

Rossellini, the creative artist, has withdrawn the ego of himself from his creations. He organizes given materials, selects, re-creates, observes, and records. These are the activities of a scientist and a craftsman, not the activities of the traditional artist. Rossellini is not-an-artist in the same sense that Andy Warhol is not-an-artist. Which is perhaps to say that the role of the traditional artist as creator has become obsolete; the age of individual statements has run its course.

But then perhaps it has always been true that the artist's true accomplishment has been measured by the extent that he has managed to détach his personality from his vision. The artist does not "create" his vision, but is the medium of his vision. The role of the artist is to make himself the most effective medium such that his actions interfere least with the actualization of the vision. Rossellini offers us the possibility that the cinema can be a non-personal high art on the level of music and mathematics.

To achieve this kind of non-personal cinema has required that Rossellini first discover a technique of filmmaking that can proceed without the constant manipulation of the director, except as a medium. It requires that the actual process of filming be one of improvisation. Rossellini's historical films, all part of one huge

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is true although that President Ibanez personally expressed his sympathy for my candidature, but he never intervened nor gave me any decisive support. I did not ask him of course. And so there existed absolutely no concrete possibilities. Then, yes, I think we displayed political conscience. That same evening, I told the workers we had lost a battle, but not the war. We had to keep on preparing. I think this precedent, amongst others, is the one that gives me my "moral authority", that authority which makes the people believe me to be a realistic politician and one that maintains his promises.

ROSSELLINI: This is absolutely indisputable proof of course. You are trying to bring about a revolution fully respecting the laws of the land and those democratic rules that so many other revolutionary movements despise. In general, for public opinion, for the man in the street, when we say Marxism, we suggest dictatorship of the proletariat as well. Why are you different?

ALLENDE: I think what you say is a common opinion. But anyone who has read even brief tracts of Marxist theories (and I am not a Marxist theorist only; I am a politician who has taken up arms in the struggle without leaving off reading; I believe there can be no revolutionary action without revolutionary theory) knows very well that every country possesses its own reality. When faced with this reality, tactics with a well-defined strategic goal must be adopted. To be clearer: what does the revolution mean from a sociological point of view? One social class in the minority relinquishes the control and exercise of power which then passes into the hands of another social class that is in the majority and which has been politically oppressed and economically exploited. I feel bound to tell you that this is what happened in Chile. The traditional sections of Chilean plutocracy were defeated by the Christian Democrats in 1964. We cannot compare a Christian Democrat government with a traditional right-wing government, but we have declared to the country that we will bring about our revolution by legal ways and means. We have never said that we will be the left-wing of the system. We have said that we will change the capitalist regime in order to leave the road open for Socialism. We know perfectly well that Socialism cannot be imposed by decrees. Hence, on the basis of this Chilean "reality" — in a country, that is, where civil conscience has a determinate strength by tradition, where the Armed Forces have a precise professional sense of their obligations — the "institution" concept carries weight and is well-defined in its content. (For example: the Chilean Congress has been functioning for over 120 years. Can you tell me any other country of Latin America or even we might say in Europe that can offer such an example?) Now we are in the heart of this "reality", surrounded by the laws of middle-class democracy or of the liberal republic, and we are able to alter the "institutions." The constitution itself establishes this factor. For example: if serious difficulties with Congress should arise, always within the limits of the constitution, I am empowered to present a project for the dissolving of the Congress. Of course, Congress would reject it. Then I have the right to make an appeal to the people, by means of a plebiscite, a referendum. If the people approve the terms of the referendum, it means that Congress is dissolved. I would then prepare the elections for a new Congress, and most certainly if we had already won the referendum, we would win a majority in Congress. That means, to sum up, that this Congress would draw up the laws desired by the popular government.

ROSSELLINI: In your May-the-first speech, you made an appeal to popular conscience to try and fully realize that the road that leads to the goals you have in mind is long and difficult. You said that you did not want to admit of a "working aristocracy". Would you be kind enough to explain this concept?

ALLENDE: I said in effect that in order to guarantee the successful fulfillment of the revolution in Chile, it is fundamental that the workers intensify their activities: workers at all levels, but essentially manual workers and peasants. You know, Mr. Rossellini, that we have created a national council. Local, sectional, and provincial councils have been created, based on this national council. So it is the peasants (I refer to the workers of the land) together with small proprietors and state technical experts, who draw up production plans as well as establishing the exact agricultural areas to be taken over by the state. To be clearer, the peasants participate directly. They are the ones to make the soil produce, to plough the furrows, to sow the seeds. Lastly, they are the ones who although not having completed the first year of elementary schooling, possess what we might call real "affection" and a bond with the land. They know what soil means. As regards the industrial workers, we have stated that in the nationalized sector, that we call social capital, the workers take part themselves in the management of the various industrial enterprises, shoulder to shoulder with state representatives. The managing body to represent the workers will be elected by an assembly of the workers themselves. Now, for example, we are preparing for the nationalization of the copper industry. We are quite certain to bring this about. And the workers must be made to realize that the copper belongs to them, the copper workers. But since they are also part of the people as a whole, they must also understand that economic profits gained by the working of the copper mines cannot be exclusively used to increase salaries or wages of either workmen, office staff, or technical experts in the copper industry. We must hand a part over to them. In the case of copper, this is minimal. The remainder must be utilized to ensure economic development until, together with the profits from other monopolized enterprises, we can build up the resources needed to raise the material conditions of life of the people. If the copper workers fail to understand this

distillation of the history of mankind, are all conceived and filmed in this same method. The whole work will have a stylistic unity. All these films will be of a single fabric. There would be no point in anticipating a new formal evolution within the series; for, having discovered a system of essential images, Rossellini has withdrawn himself from the role of artist.

Of course, Rossellini may evolve this new vision beyond its present state of accomplishment, but this seems unnecessary and is certainly not the direction in which he is currently pouring his energies. There is an urgency to Rossellini's work — four or five simultaneous cinema projects each in a different stage of development — an urgency to complete the whole project in time to coincide with the public's awakening to its need for historical synthesis.

Today, Rossellini's principal activity when not working on the historical projects involves travelling around the world (particularly to the so-called underdeveloped regions of the Third World countries) to shoot documentary footage for use in future projects. His interview with Salvador Allende is but one of these documents. Rossellini claims to have assembled a film bank of several million feet of footage of the contemporary world shot either by himself or by film crews under his supervision. Thus, when he gets around to making his historical films about the 1960s and 1970s, he won't have to re-create the eras; he will already have his footage.

One has the feeling that if he could find someone else competent and sympathetic to his undertaking, Rossellini would not even have to direct the films himself to retain their validity (and, indeed, Rossellini's son Renzo has been credited with the direction of some of the recent series). This sort of filmmaking is easy and inexpensive and infallible. By eliminating the traditional "problems of the artist," Rossellini is freed to go about the completion of his work.

Thus it might be said that the historical films are not reflections of the quest of Rossellini the artist. Instead, they are the reportage of Rossellini the observer of the quest of humanity. Humanity evolves into the future only after assimilating the totality of the past.

Each of Rossellini's historical films deals with a very vital phase in the evolution of Western civilization — our evolution, the content of the hereditary information recorded in our DNA molecules. To comprehend these periods in our collective past is centrally important to our comprehension of ourselves. Rossellini has recognized the medium of film as the tool by which every man and woman can be supplied with the collective experience of the Renaissance mind. Perhaps through such a use of the art form of the technological age, the cinema, can humanity hope to evolve beyond the technological

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point, the situation is grave. If a button factory goes on strike, the country has nothing to worry about. The same for a textile factory. But if there is a strike in the copper industry, or in the coal industries, the consequences are serious for the country. The workers' conscience is then needed. We must tell them that since they are workers who can exercise a strong pressure on the government, they must not take advantage of this prerogative because this is their government; they themselves are the government. This is the reason why we cannot classify them as privileged workers, or, as I have told you, a "working aristocracy", in the sense that they receive higher recompense or special treatment. And so I have talked to the workers. I told them that the future of the revolution in Chile depends on them. Fundamentally, this is what I stated in my speech of the first of May and my response to the points you raised in your previous question.

ROSSELLINI: Thank you for your explanation. You have been absolutely clear and have opened up horizons that are completely new to the present-day manner of thinking. And now I'd like to ask you one more question: I recall that following the First World War, that is during the 1920s, both North and South America were regarded as continents offering vast possibilities of material gain to European workers and everyone with initiative. This was particularly important for we Italians who lived in a poor country. Then, in a few years, these last 30 or 40 years, all has changed. South America has become seriously impoverished, while we Italians, for example, after the last World War, have become much richer. If this observation of mine is correct, how can this phenomenon of impoverishment be explained?

ALLENDE: I think that what has happened in South America is directly linked to the concentration of capital, basically, in industrial countries. We define imperialism as the extreme of capitalism. The financial capital of industrialized countries seeks to invest in those countries where greater profits may be obtained or better rates of interest. During the initial phase of our political semi-independence, England made investments, in the case of Chile, in potassium nitrate. Then the United States began to compete with England, and North American money was invested. The countries in the process of being developed sell raw materials. We sell at a low price and buy at a high price. When we import, we must pay the salaries and wages of the North American workman and technician. The form of "exchange" has always been to the detriment of Latin America and Chile. Inflation means that we are obliged to supply more and more raw materials in order to import the same quantity of finished products. Here is one of the simplest examples: if at one time we had to give, for example, half a ton of copper to obtain in exchange four jeeps, today we must give two tons for those same four jeeps. The figures are not exact, but it is the example that counts. And this is the "reality" of our country. The distance separating the industrial countries (that is, capitalist countries) from those in the process of being developed, is ever widening. This is our great drama, apart from the fact that from the point of view of the financial-economic relationship, the situation as regards these countries could not be more difficult. In the last ten years, more has gone out of Latin America than has come in. And it has been to pay bank credits, profits, long-term debts, as well as contributions made by South America for loans to state and semi-state bodies and private company investments. This is the drama that has gradually been impoverishing Latin America, while foreign capital, basically international capital, has been consolidated, capital that draws immense profits from these countries when compared to their own national income rates.

ROSSELLINI: The expiration date for your nationalization program is approaching. The copper industry affects mainly North American interests. What do you think your relationship with the United States will be in the future? What do you forecast?

ALLENDE: Mr. Rossellini, you have touched on one of the most complicated of our problems. In reality, we have said, and we repeat constantly, that when we intend (and we shall do as we say) to nationalize the fundamental wealth of Chile at present in the hands of foreign capital, we have no intention of acting against the United States. We feel affection and respect for the people of the United States and for the history of that country. I think that the political leaders of Chile and Latin America well know the thoughts of Washington and Jefferson, and, above all, Lincoln. Furthermore, we know their writers, their authors. But the reality is another thing. Above all, we need for ourselves that economic surplus that is pouring out across our frontiers. I must tell you, for example, that in 60 years, 9800 million dollars have gone out of Chile. The entire social capital of Chile has been estimated at ten thousand million. Thus practically the whole of Chile, we might say, has flowed out over our frontiers to reinforce big enterprise. It means, in other words, incredible though it may sound, that countries which go begging a certain amount of millions as a loan are in reality exporters of capital. Well, we think that the people and the North American government will have to understand that we intend dealing with them in the same way as we would if they were Russians or Japanese, French or Italians. We have nothing against the United States nor her people. For example, we are agreeable to signing a contract to sell to the United States, one hundred or two hundred thousand tons of copper, if they need it. But the copper must belong to us. This fact is basic for Chile. What is the root of the problem? It is that logically we must pay compensation because we have no intention of merely confiscating this wealth. But we intend to pay what is in effect due to be paid. We must examine each case separately

age.

In his essential images, Rossellini shows us that the cinema is *the* art form of the 20th Century because, in its ideal form, it incorporates all the older arts and then moves even closer toward a one-to-one relationship with reality. But it has taken the cinema 50 years of growth to arrive at the point where the other arts have been satisfactorily assimilated. It was only in the 1960s that we began to talk about movies in reference to other movies instead of to other art forms. Now, for the first time, filmmakers are beginning to make films whose only models are previous films rather than the other arts. The cinema has finally assimilated the other forms and is ready to start a new growth that originates in purely cinematic terms.

Before, an innovative director had to have a knowledge of all the other arts; today, a director need only be equipped with the cinema. The cinema unifies the other arts, just as art in general can unify other secular information. Thus the cinema works against specialization. Specialization alienates man from his world. The cinema unites man with his total cultural heritage. The purpose of Rossellini's cinema is to equip man with a vision of wholeness in order to triumph over specialization. The cinema offers a complete knowledge to counter the fragmenting knowledge of the bureaucracy.

There comes a point where it would be irresponsible and unproductive for the artist to push on with his interior quest, distancing himself from the public ever farther and farther. We are at a point in time when the cosmic explorers must report back to the people with their findings. Ultimately, the artist discovers a parameter to his evolving vision — the limits of a planetary consciousness which require the advance of the whole human population before a new higher level of consciousness can become available even to the visionary. There are periods of advance and periods of consolidation. For Rossellini, now, there is work to be done. Hopefully, we all stand to benefit from this work, as it is directed solely and purposefully as a tool for our advancement.

Rossellini looks at history with a vision devoid of sentimentality, devoid of romance, and devoid of dramatic emphasis. His films are not entertaining in the sense that Hollywood has created for us. His films are truly educational in the sense that true education is a very pure and beautiful seduction of the intellect. If we could learn to open our intellect as willingly as we open our emotions, we would applaud Rossellini for his clarity and directness, his high seriousness of purpose, and the many leveled rigour of his historical approach.

Someday, these films will form the nucleus of a vision of history that will be

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in order to establish the amount of the initial investments, the effective contributions of capital, the interest re-investments, how increases have been brought about by means of credit loans charged to the companies. At the present moment, the companies are in debt to a sum of six hundred and seventy million dollars. So we are not proceeding a priori in an aggressive attitude. The American State Department must understand this. There is a problem, and this is that the companies are covered by insurance taken out with an American governmental organization. Logically, the Americans think that if by chance not sufficient recompense is paid to correspond with the value, in their opinion, of their enterprises, the insurance company must step in and pay it. And in order to pay this insurance, if the amount is very high, they must ask Congress to issue new taxes on U.S. citizens. I really consider that we must come to an agreement. We have come to other agreements with North American firms here in Chile. We reached an agreement with the Bethlehem Steel company and bought the iron mine we were interested in. There was no conflict, no problem. We want to negotiate with the Telephone Company, and we shall do so in order to create either a mixed enterprise or a nationalized company. But we are proceeding within the limits of the law and the sovereignty of Chile. We merely ask for respect for the concepts of self-determination and supremacy of the people. There will be no conflicts because we have no intention of arousing any. Neither do we intend to appear submissive or create the impression that we are begging. We are exercising the right of a sovereign country, and we will proceed on the basis of the laws of Chile. Furthermore, we give our guarantee to the companies that there must be an assessor of the sums to be paid out — a court where the representatives of the Magistrature predominate, that is, a special court with judicial powers. What greater guarantees can we give than these? I don't think anyone could ask or give more.

ROSSELLINI: I think not. The program of the Christian Democrat government that preceded you, if I recall rightly, emphasized the necessity of bringing about a revolution in liberty, or recovering for the country Chile's natural resources, and hence removing copper from foreign control. They talked about the dignity of the poor, agrarian reform, the dispossessing of lands, of the participation of everyone in the reconstruction of Chilean society, and of vast reforms. You, if I'm not mistaken, emphasize these same themes. But in what way do you differ?

ALLENDE: The difference lies between words and deeds. The Christian Democrats spoke of a "community regime" that has never been defined. We maintain that there is nothing else but either capitalism or socialism. I have said furthermore: rather than talk about the revolution, we must bring it about. I think this is the fundamental difference between us and the Christian Democrats.

ROSSELLINI: What is your relationship with the Catholics?

ALLENDE: The relationship of the popular movement of Chile with the Catholic Church is excellent. But I would like to lay emphasis on the reasons that enable me to make this statement. For example, let me give you proof of not only the tolerance of the Church, but of the new attitude. In Chile, when a president takes over the government, we have a Te Deum. Traditionally, this Te Deum is given, as is natural, in the Metropolitan Cathedral, When the Cardinal of the Church of Chile, Raul Silva Enriquez, came to speak to me, I told him that I wanted the Te Deum, but I requested an ecumenical Te Deum. Not only did he accept, but the delegations that came to witness the handing over of presidential powers were able to witness an outstanding event as well: dignitaries of all the Churches were present in the Metropolitan Catholic Cathedral; and each took part in the Te Deum, reading a passage from a prayer or from the Bible. I believe that this is one of the most significant facts proving the broadmindedness and profound comprehension that exists in the Catholic Church of Chile. It shows us that the Church fully adheres to the new trend of thought that has broken down antique barriers of tradition. You must also remember that the bishops of Chile and Latin American bishops gathered together at Medellin also issued a declaration in which they laid stress on the fact that the Church is working side by side with the exploited sections of the public and is fighting to better the conditions of life and the existence of the great masses of the Latin American peoples. This is another "reality" that has been born in Chile; and you, Mr. Rossellini, can understand its great importance. Lastly, I would like to point out that the event I have just mentioned has had great repercussions on the national and international level when we add the important fact that a Cardinal of the Chilean Catholic Church was also present at the First of May demonstrations. His presence was already sufficient, but what was more important still, was the message he read. He said (and his meaning was extremely clear) that the only thing the Church desired was that the people did not forget that the Church of Christ was the Church of a son of a carpenter. To sum up, now you can understand that these events together with the new attitude of the Church in general, inspire us to keep alive the profound and limitless respect we have always nourished for our religious life here in Chile. And here is a further fact: I can assure you with deep gladness (and my joy is heartfelt), there has also been a direct contact between the Church, the people, and the government of Chile. Eighty priests have made a public declaration that they have come to a decision to make a contribution towards building up Socialism in our country.

ROSSELLINI: From what you tell me, I can see that the traditional tendency of Latin American countries has always been to create stronger ties with the United States of America, the

offered in all schools — the fulfillment of our vague groping toward education through the cinema. Rossellini shows us that we are right in our suspicion that the cinema can become a true teaching medium in a new and meaningful system of education. The only problem is that most of our current usages of film are mockeries and perversions of the potential of the medium, as well as of education.

While we see the main thrust of Rossellini's work as being on a higher level than personal art, and while Rossellini himself disclaims any emotional preferences for the historical figures he chooses to depict, there are also undeniable correspondences between the intellectual positions adopted by Rossellini and those of Augustine, Socrates, and particularly Leone Battista Alberti (in **The Age of Cosimo de Medici**). Indeed, these are the very people from whom Rossellini has synthesized his vision.

The actor playing Leone Battista Alberti bears a certain physical resemblance to Rossellini. Alberti's aesthetic theories are close to Rossellini's, and his poetic monologues on art and architecture and their relationship to humanity similarly describe the goals of Rossellini's historical cinema:

> If the world wishes slaves, then many will become slaves. But when the world wishes intelligence, then many, very many, will become geniuses. When intelligence reigns, man constructs. When madness reigns, he destroys. Look at that; look at us. Did you ever ask yourself why we live in so marvelous a time? So rich in hope and intelligent men. It is because we wish to be intelligent... Does there exist a true goal of the human race? What is the action which defines the most extreme achievement of which mankind is capable? It is evidently that which man alone is able to do. Not being, not living, not feeling — for other creatures outside the human sphere do so. But knowing, by the means of one's intellect, knowing with all possible intelligence. Action is only an extension of knowing. And the existence of the immense multitude of man is justified by whatever is necessary so that he may always and continuously realize the fullest possibilities of human will and intelligence.* END

*Dialogue from **The Age of Cosimo de Medici,** printed with permission.

Next issue, *Take One* will be publishing the complete text of a combined interview, classroom discussion and question-and-answer session that took place with Roberto Rossellini in Berkeley, California last November following a screening of *The Age of Cosimo de Medici.*

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foundation stone on which your independence was laid. History tells us that the Colonial era for you ended after the American revolution, and thanks to it. On the eighth of March 1822, Monroe, President of the United States, made a proposal for the formal recognition of the independence of the Argentine, Colombia, Chile, and Peru. At that time, Jefferson felt that if Europe was becoming the territory of despots (the Holy Alliance, colonialism, etc.) America must in its turn become the territory of liberty. The Monroe Doctrine proposed to Congress in the United States on the 2nd of December 1823, stated, amongst other items, that the entire American continent — that is, North, Central, and South America — thanks to the conditions of freedom and independence that had been created and that would continue to exist from that moment onwards, must nevermore be considered by anyone as the goal of a future colonialization. Am I correct in assuming that you people of Chile, as free men, basing your policy on the above-mentioned premise as is your desire, are beginning to pave the way to the creation of new and free relationships with the whole world?

ALLENDE: In reality, this is a theoretical conception of the Monroe Doctrine. In effect, in the struggle of the Latin American peoples for freedom from Spanish colonialism, we obtained a political semi-independence. But, in point of fact, the economic struggle began immediately with the opposition between English colonialism and North American colonialism. There has always been a discrepancy of interest between foreign capital and our incipient development. I don't want to harp on those solemn declarations so often cited by advocates of freedom when speaking of the American policy of imposing its might on weaker peoples. But Bolivar said, for example: "The United States wants to plunge us into misery and submission in the name of liberty." Marti spoke even more harshly. I do not wish to repeat what he said because in reality I can distinguish between the American people, their intellectuals, some of their statesmen and those private interests that have unfortunately been able to count on American support. The Monroe Doctrine did sanction one principle, however: "America for the Americans." This of course has not been observed in fact. North America has an economic development that has been denied to both Central and South America. Hence the problem cannot be resolved on the basis of equality of interests, of a community of interests. Defending the principle "America for the Americans" laid down by the Monroe Doctrine has always meant defending America for the North Americans. We do not accept merely the concept of a reciprocal recognition of dignity, of equality of possibilities with North America. I assure you that we have nothing against the people. But we well know the drama of South America, a continent potentially rich, but in reality poor; and this poverty is due to the exploitation on the part of private North American capital.

ROSSELLINI: Do you want to take part in that idealist movement not yet clearly drawn up that the church calls ecumenism, that China has tried to promote with ping-pong and that, previously, the Conference of Bandung had sought to facilitate by offering the mediation of the countries of the Third World to the two great opposition blocs?

ALLENDE: Our basic struggle is for understanding and integration between the Latin American countries. We maintain that the road is just, the road indicated by the fathers of our homeland who dreamed of Latin American unity in order to raise a firm voice in the face of the world. This does not hinder us, Mr. Rossellini, from regarding with cordiality and also with a more profound understanding, the meaning of the trend of thought in the countries of the Third World. I can therefore summarize my own opinions and ideals with regard to your question by telling you that we are fighting first and foremost to make an authentic continent of America in all its achievements, and to continue to build a stronger bond with the countries of the Third World. It is quite clear that these principles are fundamental. People like us are fighting for peace and not for war, for economic cooperation and not for exploitation, for the social welfare of all the people and not for injustice.

ROSSELLINI: From all these ideas, before they were given substance and clarity, the idea of a peaceful co-existence was born. And from this idea, we have created new confusion, new dramas. These new obstacles must now be overcome, and this is felt by all. The exploration of the moon has shown us what we are — our earth is a ship sailing through the universe, bound for vast limitless stretches of space. We men are the crew and we are bound to the destiny of our earth ship. What is the future to be then?

ALLENDE: According to me, you are asking in other words, what is man's intelligence capable of? If the men of the industrialized countries have reached the moon, as you point out, it is because they are capable of dominating nature. The problem is whether it is just for man to have a foot on the moon or whether it is more just for the great countries (I am speaking symbolically) to have their feet on the earth and realize that there are millions of human beings suffering, starving, unemployed, illiterate. This is why my opinion is this: it is just to hope with all our hearts that the man of the 21st Century will be a man with a different conception of the universe, with a just sense of values, a man who does not think and act basically in terms of money, a man who is fortunate enough to realize that there are wider dimensions to concentrate his intelligence on, that intelligence that is his great creative strength. I have faith in man, but as a real human being with the accent on humanitarian qualities — a man who lives in a world where we are all brothers, not merely individuals seeking to live by exploiting others. END

Requiem for a Dragon Departed

by Phil Ochs

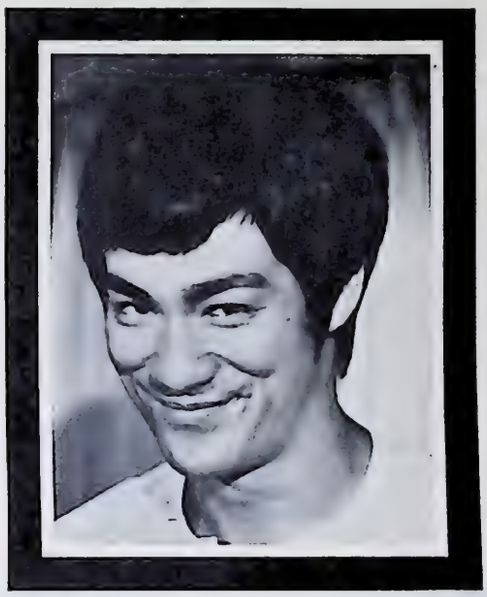
I was in the Philippines in September of 1972 ending a concert tour through Australia and South East Asia. It was a steamy Sunday, the day before the American puppet Marcos was to declare martial law; rumours were rife in the papers, then known for being the most outspoken in Asia. I didn't know what to do on my last day in Asia, so at 10:00 in the morning I went to see a Bruce Lee double feature.

Though it was Sunday in the major Christian area in South East Asia, the theatre was packed. Outside, in typical Philippino fashion, was a sign 'please check your guns'. It seemed like the most violent place on earth. There were gunfights and knifings late almost every night in the brothels and bars. If you had some money you had a bodyguard; if you had real money and land you had a small and well-trained army.

I bought a San Miguel beer and peanuts and groped my way to a seat. There I was entranced for three hours; I could hardly believe my eyes. I had seen the Japanese Samurai movies, but was not prepared for what was to come.

The pictures were **The Big Boss** and **Fists of Fury.** The stories were simplistic and mainly based on revenge. They always involved fighting schools and a reverend master teacher. 'I will teach you to be the best fighters in the world, but you must never use it to harm anyone unless absolutely necessary.' Near the beginning is the act of outrage; the insults of a rival school, the poisoning of a master, the murder of a loved one. Lee, the

Phil Ochs has been writing and recording his music since the early 60s (with three albums out on the Elektra label and four on A&M), his best-known songs probably being There But For Fortune *and* Outside of a Small Circle of Friends. *But, before all that, his ambitions lay in the direction of the written word — in fact, he was just one quarter shy of his journalism degree when he quit Ohio State University.*



hero, the best fighter, demands vengeance and is always restrained until he can hold himself no longer. Then follows the most exciting action ever filmed on the screen. One man against fifty with no weapons. He begins to wade his way through the lesser villains with karate chops; his fists, his elbows, his feet; there are no camera tricks. The audience is hysterical, clapping, cheering, sometimes leaping to their feet. When he gets to the major villains it becomes a dance of extraordinary beauty (one reviewer said that Lee made Rudolph Nureyev look like a truck driver).

It is not the vulgarity of James Arness pistol-whipping a stubbled, drunken stage robber; it is not the ingenious devices of James Bond coming to the rescue, nor the ham-fisted John Wayne slugging it out in the saloon over crumbling tables and paper-thin imitation glass. It is the science of the body taken to its highest form; and the violence, no matter how outrageous, is always strangely purifying. As important as the action is the face and mind of Bruce Lee. The expressions he makes as he psyches out his opponents are beyond description; at times he is lost in ecstasy, almost sexual, and when he strikes, the force of the blow is continued by his mind and the look of concentration and satisfaction is devastating.

Two months later, at a Hollywood party I was raving about Bruce Lee and Chinese-boxing movies when I ran into Fred Weintraub, veteran of the Bitter End in Greenwich Village, Neil Diamond, and the Woodstock movie. 'Bruce? Why he's a good friend of mine. As a matter of fact, I'm just leaving for Hong Kong to negotiate a deal with him and Warner Bros.' We both knew the impact that

a westernised version of this type of film would have on the American audience.

The months pass. I see Freddie occasionally, delirious with excitement as **Enter the Dragon** is progressing. Then it is complete. I am eagerly awaiting the results when on July 20 while singing in Toronto, I pick up a paper and read to my shock and amazement 'Bruce Lee Dead at 32 in Hong Kong of a Brain Hemorrhage'.

The following is based on information provided by Bill Stern at Warner Bros. Publicity, Fred Weintraub, and a magazine called *Fighting Stars*, whose opening editorial reads, 'We all feel the lack of the right words to say, especially those that would give comfort to his stricken family and friends. For all of us the world is a much smaller place.'

Bruce Lee was born in San Francisco in 1940, and from age three to 18 was raised in Hong Kong. His father was a star in the Chinese opera. He studied martial arts from his early teens and was a master at age 18. He went to the US, and entered the University of Washington in Seattle where he got a degree in philosophy. There he met and married an American girl named Linda. They have two children, aged eight and four. He also was a child actor in Chinese films.

He used to go to Long Beach, California for the karate tournament where he would put on exhibitions of his own particular style, 'jeet kune do'. There he was noticed by a television producer who at first wanted to cast him as the number one son in a Charlie Chan series, but he changed his mind and Lee first emerged into the western consciousness as Kato in the *Green Dragon* series. International distribution made him a hero in Hong Kong. He had trouble getting movie roles in the US and appeared only occasionally, once as a villain in *Marlowe* and a strong segment of *Longstreet* with James Franciscus called 'Way of the Fist'.

Finally, Raymond Chow of Golden Harvest Studios in Hong Kong offered him his first feature, **The Big Boss,** to be filmed in Thailand in July 1971. The location was so remote that Lee lost ten pounds from lack of meat in his diet. Its opening in Hong Kong turned out to be a cinematic revolution. It became the first film to outgross the champ, **The Sound of Music**: 2.8 million for **Music** and 3.2 million for **Boss.** He quickly finished **Fists of Fury;** like the first it was directed by Lo Wei. This was followed by the only picture he directed, **The Way of the Dragon** (as yet unreleased) by reputation the best of his four. It was also the first Chinese film to do location shooting in Europe. The dragon name is used twice since Lee's name in Chinese, Lee Hsiao-Lung, means Little Dragon.

At this point arrives Weintraub, associate producer Paul Heller, and Warner Brothers. Lee is heading for the throne of Eastwood and Bronson and there is no question that, had he lived, he would have been the highest paid actor in movies. What follows is based on a conversation with Fred Weintraub at Warner Bros.

'I met Bruce when Sy Weintraub brought him over to my house. Sy studied with him along with James Garner, Steve McQueen, James Coburn and Lee Marvin.' Lee didn't like to teach and consequently charged $100 per hour. Fred believes that part of the appeal of his pictures will lie in the fact that most people have not been threatened by a gun, but everyone has been hit; this will provide total identification. 'I think Bruce is a great exploitation actor, like Eastwood, Wayne, etc. They believe what they do at the moment they are doing it, no matter how outrageous; these actors are worth their weight in gold.' He said Bruce was totally absorbed with his body and his abilities. Often he would meet somebody and within a couple of minutes he would say, 'Feel or punch my stomach.' Sometimes he would take his shirt off at screenings.

'I remember standing in line at some restaurant and Bruce would suddenly lash out a punch next to my face. I could feel the brush of air, but I was never afraid; he had absolute control, he never missed, he was like a sharpshooter.' He went to all the best teachers in each school and mastered their technique, every specialty. He loved looking at his body. He lived in an eleven room mansion in Hong Kong with a college size gym. He worked out for hours every day including a three mile run; there were mirrors so he could watch his own movements. But it wasn't all physical. He would lock himself away for days to read books on the philosophy of fighting, books on John L. Sullivan, *The Art of Kick-fighting.*

'I remember once we were having dinner with John Tunney (son of boxer Gene) when John asked, "Do you think you could have beaten my father?" Bruce said, "To tell the truth I could beat anybody in the world. Of course, if I sat still and your father hit me, forget it. The question is could they ever get close to me". He went on to describe a couple of books that Gene Tunney had written that no-one had heard about. He had the most unbelievable library on the science of fighting. No-one knew more about all kinds of fighting than he did.'

Fred describes an incident that occurred when the picture was two-thirds complete. 'Hong Kong is a pretty rough place. Wherever Bruce went he was besieged for autographs and often people would challenge him to fight on the streets; he tried to ignore them. There was a young karate student who was an extra on the picture, walked up and said, "I don't think you're so fast, I think I can beat you." I froze. I thought, Oh my God, suppose he got hurt. Bruce pulled away from me, raised his hands and stamped his feet three times, the signal he was ready to fight. Suddenly he swerved around and laid him on the floor with a kick in the face, walked away without a word to him and said, "Let's do the next scene."'

Basically he was a loner. He didn't trust anybody. The only people close to him were Raymond Chow and especially his wife Linda. He adored and spent a lot of time with his kids.

Bruce Lee had two funerals. The first, symbolic one in Hong Kong brought out over 30,000 bereaved fans, the biggest they ever had there. At his actual burial in Seattle, Steve McQueen and James Coburn were among his pall-bearers.

He blacked out six months before his death for no known reason. He had a complete physical check-up after that with the best doctors in Los Angeles, and they gave him a clean bill of health.

The official cause of death is listed as an aneurism, a congenital weakening of a vessel in the brain. Maybe he did die of an aneurism. There were rumours in Hollywood of cocaine. Maybe he was killed by some crazy person or some rival business faction. Maybe he wasn't meant to be cast as a James Bond figure. Maybe he lived more intensely than any human being can live. Or maybe he died for the same reason James Dean died. He had taken too much of the fire, and the Gods were jealous.

END

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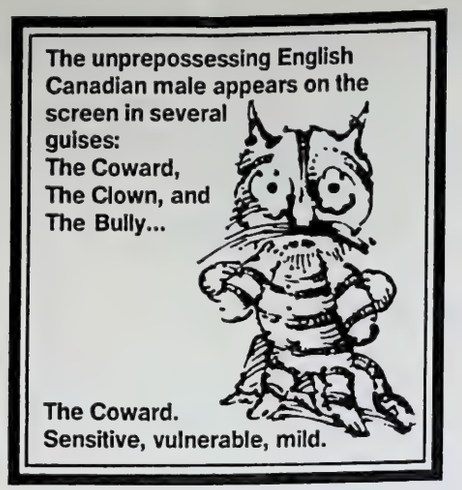

The unprepossessing English Canadian male appears on the screen in several guises:
The Coward,
The Clown, and
The Bully...
The Coward.
Sensitive, vulnerable, mild.

BEING CANADIAN MEANS ALWAYS HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY

THE DREAM-LIFE OF A YOUNGER BROTHER

BY
ROBERT A. FOTHERGILL
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
KEN RINCIARI

Take a dramatic situation — a growing season in a person's life, a challenging encounter, a turning point in a relationship; begin to imagine how things will develop, how the people involved will behave, and what part external circumstances will play. One finds oneself pulled two ways — by what the imagination suggests as conceivable, and by what one's sense of reality insists upon as most likely. The former is subjective, tending to fantasy and dream, shaped by currents in one's own psyche made visible in fictions; the latter is more objective, leaning towards documentation, directed by a critical and perhaps ideological sense of the actual. The one speaks of truth, the other of fact. Out of the tension between them the stuff of the original situation is drawn out into a story which no-one else would have developed in quite the same way. Like a Rorschach test, the story tells a lot about one's habitual and half-conscious perception of life.

Then take Canadian filmmakers, imagining for the screen stories located more or less precisely in Canada about recognizably Canadian individuals. If elements of a distinct consciousness (English or French) have indeed been engendered by the emotional and historical experience of being Canadian, then the imaginations of writers and directors will have inherited it to some degree. It will lead them to project themselves into a certain range of experience, and to ignore whole other areas altogether. It will cause them to perceive the unfolding of an action, the revelation of character in behaviour, in recurring patterns. As personal perceptions of reality, screenplays will also, in some measure, express a Canadian mode of seeing and feeling.

But even when a film is not a conscientiously developed individual vision, but a manufactured consumer product, or even when the writer/director is an import or an immigrant, still there is a process which can shape the work into a distinctively Canadian reflection of life. For on another level than that of the individual psyche, a screenplay to be located and produced in this country is modified by a more or less conscious sense of what kinds of people and actions will look characteristically, or even credibly, Canadian to an audience. A collective self-image, as exerted on the writer/director's sensibility, sifts out those plot developments and those kinds of behaviour that just don't *feel* like the sort of thing you run across in this part of the world.

So far, this combination of factors has quite noticeably restricted and influenced the representation of life visible

Bob Fothergill teaches in the English Department at Atkinson College of Toronto's York University. He is a filmmaker and a film critic for Canadian Forum, wherein he first presented some of the ideas expressed in this article.

in Canadian movies. Think of the many types of film that have made hardly a single appearance among the couple of hundred Canadian features of the past decade. Quebec cinema can show an example here and there, but where among the movies of English Canada will you find, for better or worse: war films, gangster films, passionate love stories, urbane sexual comedies, adventure movies, surrealist fantasies, political intrigue, espionage, costume drama, musicals, or the Bergmanesque? Together with its own conventional cinematic style, each of these movie subgenres has a cluster of standard roles in which Torontonians and Winnipegers have yet to see themselves reflected. It's not that life in English Canada has never sustained the kinds of experience that such films draw upon. Canadians in their time have been gangsters, pranksters, soldiers and detectives, mystics and sophisticates, adventurers and desperadoes, lovers and *femmes fatales* haven't they? But their activities, when magnified to the scale of a feature film, continue to seem sufficiently uncharacteristic as to be alien and disconcerting. They conflict with our self-image. Dramatic screenplays exploiting such roles are seldom, if ever, located in a Canadian context.

In fact, in very many English Canadian movies the essential "action" tends not to be a unique dramatic episode with a beginning and an end, so much as a season in a relationship, a stretch of everyday life. On the whole the characters act out their ordinary private selves, rather than the self-dramatizations conferred by remarkable occupations or the formal archetypes of dramatic fiction. In remarkably few films is the formal occupation of the protagonists significant, or even known. Canadian films have tended to focus on the personal interactions of people with indistinct social roles, rendered in such a way as to seem typical. And I propose to argue that a dominant feature in these films is the representation of the leading male characters as radically inadequate human beings, especially and most visibly in their relationships with women.

Now one might ask: is it possible that the perspective apparent in Canadian movies is a myopic one, of no particular significance? Might it be that some combination of the sensibilities that go in for imagining screenplays, and the commercial considerations that select some few of these for production and release, makes for the recurrent projection of a peculiarly marginal view of things? Have the public never really taken to the domestic cinema precisely because they repudiate, or simply make no connection with, the image of themselves to be found there? Possible, but unlikely. In other countries, writers for the cinema are not afflicted with such a defective vision of things, so why should they be in Canada? And as for the commercial factors, surely not even Canadian businessmen could be so destructive of their own interests as to go on pushing an unreality that doesn't sell. Rather, it must seem that if our filmmaking fraternity has dreamed for us a recurring and demoralized dream of *la condition Canadienne,* it is because that dream inflicts itself upon them inescapably. And if, aside from their relative quality as art or entertainment, the films don't attract a public, it may be because the dream is not an alien one, but only too familiar. Canadian films are seldom either escapist or invigorating. To the extent that one identifies with the protagonists one is likely to be disheartened. For a man, identification means involving oneself in the experience of impotence; for a woman it means sharing the discouragement which that impotence engenders.

Time to be specific. Quite recently I asked Winnipeg director John Thompson to tell me something about **And No Birds Sing,** a film which he made as a student at the University of Manitoba in 1969, and which I hadn't seen at the time. "Well," he said, "it's quite close to being autobiographical for the man who wrote the script. In essence it's about a guy who realizes he's pretty much of a schmuck, and that there really isn't anything he can do about it." Taking such an account in isolation, one might be fleetingly sorry for an author with such a depressing self-estimate, and not especially anxious to see the movie in which it is paraded. But when the capsule summary of a film produced in the cinematic boondocks manages, in less than twenty-five words, to capture the essential theme of literally scores of movies made in English Canada, it becomes a matter of some interest. And as it turned out, the director's summary was pretty adequate. A callow, mediocre university student yearns wretchedly for Virginia, the sophisticated and beautiful 'Arts Queen'. At a party he makes a clumsy play for her, only to meet with a kind but firm rejection. Later he sees her dancing intimately with the big rich guy whose party it is. Depressed, drunk and apologising feebly, our anti-hero is taken home by his own long-suffering girl friend whom he has ignored all evening.

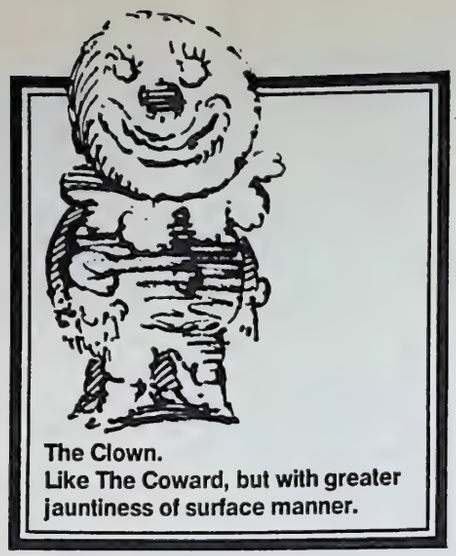
If I have given what may seem to be unnecessary prominence to a medium-length, black and white, 16mm student production which very few people will ever see, it is because **And No Birds Sing** stands in its simple way as a paradigm of the central conception of many of its more ambitious kith and kin. A male imagination has chosen to dramatize and identify with the demoralizing exposure of a male protagonist as shallow and contemptible. The women in whose eyes this exposure takes place are endowed with integrity and generosity; one of them stays by him, her illusions a little faded but her commitment undiminished; the other turns to a more substantial and potent specimen of manhood (albeit a rather unattractive one). And we are not particularly encouraged to respond sympathetically to the protagonist. He comes across as a selfish and unappealing person, trapped in his own limitations. Much of his talk seems hollow and insincere, as though his real feelings are blocked or stunted, and he is relating to other people inauthentically. Moreover, the film doesn't present the humiliation as a wry misadventure or a painful-step-towards-maturity, but more like the pattern of his fate, a nail of his coffin. "... pretty much of a schmuck... nothing he can do about it."

The unprepossessing English Canadian male appears on the screen in several guises, which I have labelled Coward, Bully and Clown. The essential characteristic of the Coward can be summed up in that splendid word, "pusillanimity'. He can be quite appealing at times — sensitive, vulnerable, mild — and a woman can find herself drawn to him; but with these qualities comes a deep-down gutlessness that renders him incapable of reciprocating her commitment. In **The Only Thing You Know** (Clarke Mackey, 1971) he is a pleasant-tempered young schoolteacher who takes up with a quietly serious girl, still in high school. She leaves her oppressive family home and moves in with him, only to discover that his unfailing cheerfulness protects an inability to get in touch with his feelings and encounter her honestly and directly. Dismayed by his retreats and evasions, she turns away from him. In George Kaczender's **Don't Let The Angels Fall** (1968) he is considerably older, a Montreal businessman with a neurotic wife and mixed-up teenage children. Hagridden with guilt, he embarks on an affaire with the candid, clear-eyed Sharon Acker, whom he meets on some kind of a residential training course. She falls frankly in love with him, but when the six weeks are up he succombs to emotional blackmail and the endemic pusillanimity of the type, and retreats to the dismal safety of his marriage. At the close of the film he is staring miserably at the TV, watching an on-the-street interview in which he himself has been made to look vapid and afraid. On another socio-economic level, Joey, played by Paul Bradley in Don Shebib's **Goin' Down the Road** (1970), has a good deal of the Coward about him. Bewildered by big-city life, and with a tendency to get maudlin drunk, he finally runs out on the whole mess, leaving a pregnant and newly-evicted wife to fend for herself.

When times are good, Joey and his friend Pete (Doug McGrath) caper about with childish irresponsibility, drinking and frolicking in a fashion that is likeable enough but rather trying to the women who have to put up with it. Pete's repertoire includes a humiliatingly unsuccessful

attempt to ingratiate himself with a sexy French lady, Nicole Morin. In their antics, the Canadian male as Coward can be seen shading into another incarnation; the Clown. Like the Coward, but with a greater jauntiness of surface manner, the Clown shies away from the responsibility of a self-determining adult. He is given to 'acting up' with irrepressible exuberance, preferably under the indulgent eyes of a woman whose maternal protectiveness is excited by these displays of infantility. As time goes by, however, her expression of good-humoured tolerance gradually turns into a look of weary chagrin. When the Clown abuses her patience once too often, she is likely to turn her capacity for commitment away, in search of a more mature and adequate human being. It is Ginger Coffey's luck, in the movie from Brian Moore's novel (1964), that his wife is still prepared to take him back one more time at the end of the film. Shiftless, brash, evasive, dishonest, he has repeatedly sacrificed the welfare of his wife and child to fatuous dreams of instant success in jobs for which he is unqualified and unsuited. With plenty of watery-eyed Irish charm, he manipulates the sympathies of women with his air of rueful, boyish vulnerability. He evades adult responsibility by resorting to the role of the easily-wounded child with the hurt look that no-one can be angry with for long. Fred Exley, in **A Fan's Notes** (Till, 1972), presents a similar case. Suffering from a chronic sense of impotence and insignificance, which only a passionate identification with a football hero enables him occasionally to transcend, he divides his time between various manic forms of escapism and helpless dependency, both at the expense of his wife, Patience.

Neither of these latter Clowns is a native-born Canadian. Ginger Coffey recently emigrated from Ireland, while Exley is a New Yorker whose sojourns in Canada probably have something to do with CFDC financing for the film. All the same, something about their roles in the original novels was evidently seen to fit them for inclusion among the dream-figures of the Canadian screen. And certainly this pair of tragi-comic misfits can find congenial company among their fellow protagonists, for example: Ernie, of Don Owen's **Ernie Game** (1967), who finally exasperates both of the women who have tried to put up with his nutty, child-eternal refusal to face the exigencies of the real world; and Will Cole, the title character of **The Rowdyman** (Peter Carter, 1972), a Newfie roustabout whose endless skylarking eventually results in the death of his friend, and drives the faithful and pretty Linda Goranson into the arms of a Torontonian. It must be emphasized that unlike, for example, De Broca's **King of Hearts**, which celebrates lunacy as an inspired and saving condition, the Canadian 'Clown' films present their protagonists' aberrancy as a wasting disease. [An exception to this rule is



The Clown.
Like The Coward, but with greater jauntiness of surface manner.

Roger Dressler, a real-life Vancouver nature sprite in a red jump-suit, who pops up briefly in Sylvia Spring's **Madeleine Is...** (1971), and sportively cuckolds the dumb-cluck tycoon hero of **Another Smith for Paradise** (Tom Shandel, 1972). Dressler seems to incarnate for these west-coast filmmakers an ideal of manic vitality whose possibility they would like to affirm.] Extending the selection of Clowns, **Chester Angus Ramsgood** (Curnick and Wilson, 1971) and **Foxy Lady** (Ivan Reitman, 1971) are both comedies featuring the sexual vicissitudes of a nincompoop; Shebib's second film **Rip Off** (1971) narrates the sad-funny failures of a quartet of high-school boys to impress themselves or anyone else at anything; and Gerald Potterton's **Rainbow Boys** (1973) takes a nutty old ex-Briton, a New Yorker in a Mickey Mouse sweatshirt, and a brawny, bellowing Kate Reid up a mountain in British Columbia, to find some gold which they promptly lose again.

In its third screen manifestation, as Bully, the threatened and insubstantial male ego is shown attempting to assert its dominance through displays of brutal inconsiderateness and sullen rage. In addition to the hollow nastiness of his general disposition, the Bully specializes in the sexual degradation of his womenfolk. It's the ugliest of the three faces, and the scenarios usually work to punish the characters who display it. A prime example is the protagonist of **The Finishing Touch** (1972) in whom real Vancouver director Morrie Ruvinsky has dramatized the human and artistic degeneration of fictitious Vancouver director Mark van Troyan. Mark is shown kicking his gracious, newly-pregnant wife out of their home, tyrannizing the crew of a film which is obviously getting nowhere under his disintegrating direction, and subjecting his mistress to sexual humiliation in front of the camera. At the end of the film he appears to be heading towards suicide. Bill Fruet's **Wedding in White** (1972) features Donald Pleasance as a coarse, bullying, piggy-eyed father who discovers that his dimwitted daughter is pregnant, having been raped by her brother's loutish friend, and forces her to marry one of his drinking cronies, a man four times her age. The brother and friend are played with beery, sweat-soaked conviction by Bradley and McGrath, in a repeat of their **Goin' Down the Road** performances. Another peculiar male, who gets his comeuppance during his ninety minutes on the screen, is the protagonist of **Ever After All** (McLean and Weingartner, 1972). On an expedition to the backwoods with his girlfriend, he smears the blood of a rabbit all over her while they are making love; later his sullen, graceless behaviour culminates in his shooting at a pair of intruders. The intruders tie him up, whimpering, in a cage, and then make love to the girl, with her apparent consent. Considered as a dream or fantasy, **Ever After All** would seem to be the product of a highly paranoid imagination.

If writers for the cinema (outside Quebec) have difficulty imagining a creatively self-realizing male, their conception of women is virtually immaculate. A central quality in women, to which these films pay tribute, is their greater authenticity. Where men are represented as shallow, insincere, manipulative, women are truthful and direct. They are in touch with their feelings, and they express them, whereas men, it seems, are dishonest with themselves and devious with others. To women is attributed a different and more integrated consciousness which doesn't always calculate before it speaks, which is more open to the world. Stendhal said something to the effect that "in every pair of lovers, there is one who loves and one who consents to be loved." Women, it generally appears, have the power to love and trust and commit themselves without adding up the cost; men have the opportunity to disappoint and betray, and they usually avail themselves of it.

Not surprisingly, this impression of the superior human wholeness of women is reinforced in two films made by women, **Madeleine Is...** and Mireille Dansereau's **La Vie Rêvée** (1971), and in a film exclusively *about* women, **August and July** (Murray Markowitz, 1972). Madeleine has been under the subjection of a super-Bully, Torro, a self-proclaimed revolutionary, undisguised ego-tripper and male chauvinist pig, who insists that she go without underwear so that she can "receive" him whenever the spirit moves. By way of escape she has cultivated a fantasy of a friendly Clown who romps with her on a little island. When, however, she meets the living double of her Clown, he turns out to have the ineffectual goofiness typical of the Coward, and Madeleine moves on from him to a state of self-possession indifferent to males. In **La Vie Rêvée** two young women band together to liberate themselves from the imagery of sexual roles and stereotypes that has enthralled them. Their quest achieves a symbolic culmination when a suave male, for whom one of the girls has trembled from afar, turns out upon closer acquaintance to be impotent.

Familiarity breeds a liberating contempt. And finally, **August and July,** in the form of an "actuality drama", explores the relationship of two women who have turned to each other for the emotional and physical expression of the heterosexual loves which they have left behind. The result is one of the most candid, complex and wholly reciprocal relationships yet to appear in our movies.

One might have thought that a recurring male fantasy of impotence and defeat would be accompanied by a half-conscious resentment, generating in turn an imagery of women as somehow to blame for the male condition. Where are the monstrous depictions of smothering Moms and castrating bitches, faithless tramps and frigid demi-vierges? They are almost nowhere to be found. The male psyche is apparently so oppressed that it can seldom project the cause of this oppression beyond itself. There are some exceptions, of course. Fred Exley's functional impotence is exacerbated by his brief engagement to the flawlessly plastic Bunny-Sue, whose mother provides a monstrous foretaste of all-consuming wifelinesss. Far more interesting is the leading 'lady' of a little-known Vancouver film, **Great Coups of History** (Jack Darcus, 1969). Mingling actual reminiscences and dramatized scenes, the film looks steadily at an aging woman who has spent her life in the cynical exploitation of men. In between her narratives of how she has always got something for nothing from a sex she despises for its weakness and stupidity, she is shown in action, in make-up and mini-skirt, exerting her wiles on a pudgy Extension lecturer whose classes she's been attending. (0 beware of those night-school ladies!) The male is as feeble a specimen as you could wish to see, but the female, for a change, is a hard-bitten predator, startlingly frank and energetic, and hoping to make one of the "great coups of history" with the aid of a Japanese face-lift.

To sum up a little: it is very rare indeed to find an English Canadian film in which a male character of some worth and substance is depicted as growing towards self-realization, achieving or even working towards a worthwhile goal, playing a significant part in any kind of community, or establishing a mature loving relationship with a woman. (I am saving the rare exceptions to this rule for later.) Meanwhile, before we proceed to ask what this dismal tendency of the cinematic imagination may signify, as an expression of a national sense of self, we should consider where the films of Quebec fit into this pattern.

In French Canadian cinema the representation of life is far more diverse than in English Canadian films and, as we shall see, has recently begun to include a mode of positive self-realization of a distinct and significant kind. The imagery of a male inadequacy is by no means so predominant, yet enough important examples can be found to demonstrate its viability. **Le Viol d'une jeune fille douce** (Gilles Carle, 1968) features a pair of taciturn, loutish brothers (played by the ubiquitous Pilon brothers) who, on the way to beating up the putative author of their sister's pregnancy, casually take a hitch-hiker into a field and rape her. The scene is ironically reminiscent of the rape sequence in Bergman's **Virgin Spring.** In Carle's 1970 film, **Les Mâles,** a poet and woodsman, who have spent two years together in the forest, make an ill-starred attempt to abduct the daughter of the police chief of a nearby township. Returning to their camp they encounter a lovely and generous-spirited girl prepared to share their rustic existence and her own favours. But their growing rivalry and contention drive away this gift from the gods, and they wander into Montreal in a futile search for the vision which their own unworthiness dispelled. Carle's most recently released work, **La Mort d'un bûcheron** (1973), concerns the quest by a girl from Chibougamau for her long lost lumberjack father. Allusively named Marie Chapdelaine, she is attended in her search, around Montreal and into the backwoods, by a ruthlessly exploitative boor of a night-club owner and a young man named François Paradis who claims to love her, but who arranges to sell her favours to a rich old man. **Le Temps d'une chasse** (Francis Mankiewicz, 1972) takes a Coward, a Bully and a Clown on a weekend hunting trip. The Bully and the Clown — an aggressively handsome ladies' man and a short-winded ne'er-do-well — give $20 to a waitress to take her clothes off, while they goggle appreciatively. Meanwhile, the third hunter, a kindly, hen-pecked man, strikes up a shy friendship with another waitress. Next morning, however, he lacks the courage to opt out of the hunting party and spend the day with her. Reluctantly he is pressured by his friends into another futile trek through the woods, that ends in his being accidentally shot dead by the drunk and desperate Clown.

But take the case of Claude Jutra's autobiographical first feature **À Tout Prendre** (1963). Here is the story, re-enacted by the actual participants, of a love affair between Jutra and a married mulatto girl living in Montreal. When she becomes pregnant and their relationship descends into crisis, he seeks advice from various sources including a priest, and allows it to reinforce his decision to break off with her, regardless of her obvious suffering. One can reasonably assert that an English Canadian writer-director would have undertaken this autobiographical enterprise in a spirit of self-vilification, rendering the episode as an exposure of his own contemptibility. The woman would have been perceived as candid and courageous, ready to commit herself to a man who is revealed to be evasive and pusillanimous. But in **À Tout Prendre** Claude Jutra undertakes an honest exploration of what actually happened, seeking neither to vilify nor to idealise. He accepts the reality of past behaviour without capitulating to it as the inescapable pattern for all future relationships. He resists the temptation to imprison himself within a self-limiting, self-defeating version of his experience.

Seven years later, in **Mon Oncle Antoine** (1970), Jutra presents an image of a personal and social condition in which men and women together are rendered in their strengths and frailties, facing the vicissitudes of life and, especially, of death in an asbestos town. The treatment of Clement Perron's script displays a humane and complex awareness of the inter-relatedness of personal limitation and defeat and a demoralising cultural condition. There is no question that the leading male characters Antoine and Fernand (the latter played by Jutra himself) come across as distinctly anti-heroic figures; one of the most compelling scenes in the film is that in which Antoine, who is, among other things, the local undertaker, drunkenly confesses to his nephew Benoit the paralysing horror of death at the core of his miserable existence. Yet the oppressed condition of the male characters is presented neither as contemptible nor as a betrayal of the commitment of idealised women. Moreover, the central consciousness is that of thirteen-year-old Benoit, for whom the events of that memorable Christmas Eve may be the foundation for a maturing independence and realism.

I have been illustrating what seems like a collective debility in the imagination of the English Canadian cinema. What remains to be asked is: what is the relation between this debility and the actual condition, shaped by history and circumstances, of being English Canadian? Does the blight on male characters in our films — our fantasies — genuinely reflect a sense of limitedness and inadequacy experienced half-consciously by Canadians in their real lives? If it does not, what has got into our film-makers that they should be hooked on so demoralized a fiction? If, on the other hand, as I believe, there *is* a consonance between the imagery and reality, is it inescapable? Or can we furnish an account of this constriction of the sense of self that might imply the possibility of liberation — both for the psyche and for its imaginative projections? I do not wish to appear unduly naive; one does not transform one's sense of self overnight, and by a mere effort of will. One cannot abolish one's psychological history or dismiss one's circumstances. But creative changes in the self can, nonetheless, occur, and one can actively collaborate in the process. Insights into the origins of one's psychic debilities are essential as a pre-condition; so too are external circumstances conducive, or at least not hostile, to a reconstituted

presentation of self to the world. The process is accompanied *and propelled* by efforts to realize in imagination the self potentially transformed, and by dreams which enact the struggle and its resolution. (Conversely, the compulsive return to a defeatist fantasy militates *against* liberation from the state of being which it manifests.) In the remainder of this essay I propose to furnish a psychological history for the male ego so unhappily represented on the screen, and to suggest possible modes of liberation and their prefiguration in films.

One way to describe the impediments to satisfactory self-realization by the protagonists of English Canadian films is in terms of the psychological history of a younger brother. Consider the relationship between two brothers. One of them has always been dominant. He grew up faster, was a self-determining adult, making it on his own, while the other was still a juvenile. He has always been the larger and stronger physically, and has tended to be more adventurous and enterprising, achieving great material success and attracting notice everywhere. He has quite naturally grown up with an aggressive self-assurance, assuming leadership automatically and tending to patronize his younger brother — when paying him any attention at all. He operates in the biggest leagues, and with his free-spending, confident manner he has had a lot of success with women. All over the neighbourhood people have pointed him out as the very model of a decent and resourceful prosperity. The fact that he has, for quite a few years now, displayed most of the qualities of an acquisitive bandit has either been politely ignored or genuinely not noticed.

Aware of his more powerful brother as a feature in the landscape, in a way that has never been reciprocated, the younger brother has grown up with a painfully confined sense of his own capacity for self-realization. An abiding sense of himself as inescapably diminished, secondary, immature, has become second nature, has indeed shaped his nature and bred into it a self-thwarting knowledge of personal inadequacy. Back in their family history, while his brother was successfully waging the Oedipal struggle with the father, and asserting his own autonomy, he refused the combat and stayed dutifully at his father's side. For many years he continued to accept parental supervision of his behaviour and choice of friends, hastening to the scene with willing aid whenever a fight broke out. In the end it was parental indifference rather than filial recalcitrance that reduced the supervision to a formality. And to his helpless chagrin, it was always obvious that the rebellious brother counted for far more than he in the parental regard, precisely by virtue of that rebellion and subsequent success. When it came to competing for the attention of women, he wasn't really surprised to find that, while some of his cousins found him quite attractive and amiable, he could never project the potency, not to mention the sheer prosperity, that brought his brother so many conquests. After all, he had declined the Oedipal battle and had forfeited its psychic spoils.

The Bully.
Given to brutal inconsiderateness and sullen rage.

Seeking to define himself and to chart an independent career, the younger brother finds his options limited. Either he can attempt to follow in his brother's footsteps, to succeed by his standards and in his eyes — in which case he will always come in second, an also-ran, earning belittling recognition for limited achievements. Or he can cast about uneasily for some field of endeavour, some mode of self-realization which his brother has never pursued, and *couldn't achieve if he tried* — for there's little satisfaction in achieving what the other disdained to aim for. One solution would be to move away to another part of the world where he isn't known, and undertake to define himself existentially, free from the conditioning weight of his psychic history. But in Canada's case, this solution has no practical meaning.

The condition of a younger brother is also an affliction of the imagination. It is hard for him to imagine himself, or those who share his condition, successfully acting out the role of an emancipated male. This is not to suggest, however, that the imagination of male America is, by contrast, in splendid shape, delighting itself with a vision of its own poise and potency. Rather, the psychic condition of the American male — undermined, domesticated, "feminized" — constantly gives rise to a literature and a cinema of distress. But the American male experiences and accounts for his condition in different terms, and deals with it in different ways than the Canadian. He doesn't feel the psychic oppression of a more potent ego but, rather, feels trapped and betrayed by an external reality — the conditions of modern, urban, technological life. He blames conditions outside himself, and frequently identifies women as the cause of his malaise. Women have conspired with the technological revolution to subjugate a once noble creature, tameless and swift and proud. Moreover, the American male can always indulge himself with fantasies of aggressively masculine self-realization, ruthlessly mowing down Indians, Germans, Japanese, criminals, policemen and Things From Outer Space. When these diversions pall he can take satisfaction from identifying with the corporate masculinity and big-brotherliness of the American nation in the world. He can dream of dropping nuclear bombs on some "fourth-rate, raggedy-ass little country" in South-East Asia (to quote LBJ).

A faltering Canadian ego has no such comforts. The diminished, younger-brother sense of self tends to find the fault in itself, that it is an underling. You cannot blame large people for the fact that you are smaller than they are. Nor, as we have seen, does the Canadian male project the blame for his condition onto the female. Women are perceived as encouraging him in vain to be a "man", for her sake and his own. As for the compensatory fantasy of heroic self-realization, it is available to him only through a doubly vicarious identification with *American* protagonists, which in turn reinforces the impression that Americans are somehow by nature capable of a vigorous self-assertion, from which Canadians are excluded. His own literature and cinema are busy with anxiety-dreams of failure and defeat. And finally, on the corporate level he may identify with a timid, inoffensive national presence, continually allowing itself to be taken advantage of.

If this is an unsatisfactory situation, what alternative modes of liberation are available — to the imagination, at least, if not in reality? One obvious solution would be for Canada to be entirely absorbed into the United States of Greater America. Thus future generations of Ontarians, Maritimers etc., whatever other natural shocks they might be heir to, would never know the psychic constraints of growing up to lesser brotherhood. Instead they would have direct access, for better or worse, to the spectrum of American modes of self-realization and accompanying escape fiction. A second option for the Canadian ego is to identify the stronger brother unequivocally as its oppressor — psychic, economic, political, cultural — and to develop an energetic resistance. (Margaret Atwood speaks of "naming real causes of victimization", and suggests that "successful action against these causes can as yet be taken only in fantasies, or projected into the future." [*Survival*, p. 241].)

In Quebec this process is effectively apparent, the source of oppression being identified in its various aspects as the English, the Church, the Quebec bourgeois establishment, the police, capitalism, American culture, and so on. And in many recent Quebec films the posture of the rebel has furnished a role in which male characters can project themselves as courageously self-determining and

worthy of a woman's confidence. Thus, when the young teacher in **Les Colombes** (Lord, 1972), married to a cute, successful pop-singer of working-class origins, discovers her complicity in his rich father's political machinations, he renounces them both. In so doing he wins the respect of his wife's sister, a political activist who had hitherto regarded him as irredeemably bourgeois. In Gilles Carle's **La Vraie Nature de Bernadette** (1972) most of the men are treacherous and exploitative characters, out to take advantage of the "fool-saint's" naive generosity. The only man of independent worth is the neighbouring farmer, engaged in a battle with representatives of a government department which is trying to pressure him into some sort of collectivization. By the end of the film, he and Bernadette have become allies in an aggressive defiance of the whole corrupt society. Two more films released in 1972 — **Quelques Arpents de Neige** by Denys Héroux, and **Les Smattes,** Jean-Claude Labrecque's first feature — have remarkably similar plots, in which the protagonists become outlaws hunted down by government forces. Heroux's film is a costume drama set in the 1837 uprising; the hero and his beautiful lady-love are victims of the cruel and stupid British soldiery. **Les Smattes**, set in the present, shows the Pilon brothers, whose land in the Gaspé has been expropriated for a provincial park, taking to the woods after a shooting accident. In the police hunt which follows, the wife of one of the brothers is shot dead, and the net is tightened on the outlawed pair.

Such films imply, in a manner which is potentially simplistic, that male honour and authenticity derive from being, as the saying goes, part of the solution rather than part of the problem. Not to be on the side of the oppressed is to be numbered among the liberals, the fascists and the cop-outs — in other words, the Cowards, Bullies and Clowns. Significantly enough, the price of rebellion against oppression is frequently depicted as isolation, suffering and death, as the films cultivate fantasies of revolutionary martyrdom rather than revolutionary triumph. A less obviously political work like Clément Perron's **Taureau** (1973) confirms the pattern: the people of a Quebec village pool their individual hypocrisies in a vicious persecution of the local pariah family, the town whore, her daughter, and her gentle, slow-witted giant of a son. In the face of the villagers' murderous outrage at his love-affair with the local schoolteacher, 'Taureau' hangs himself.

It has to be remembered that most of the Quebec film people are active separatists; to work in film is to participate in the formation and articulation of a dynamically self-aware political culture. Directors in English Canada, on the other hand, are, with some exceptions, apolitical bourgeois, aspiring to fame and fortune in the commercial cinema, and ideally in the United States. There are some *cultural* radicals, to be sure, and the beginnings of a women's movement in film, but virtually no socio-political perceptions shared broadly enough to constitute an ideological matrix. This is far from surprising; there simply isn't available in English Canada a developed ideological identity which filmmaking can nourish and be nourished by. Hardly a single film consciously perceives a connection between individual experience and the political condition of being Canadian. (One which does is Don Owen's study of troubled adolescence, **Nobody Waved Goodbye** (1963), in which Peter Kastner conveys to a young Quebecois his felt lack of a positive cultural identity to support him through his individual identity crisis.) Occasionally attempts are made to identify with the political counter-culture within the U.S. Morley Markson's radical critique of "Amerika", entitled **Breathing Together** (1971), edits together the speeches of a collection of counter-culture-heroes into a revolutionary document with no trace of a Canadian origin. On the other hand, in Robin Spry's **Prologue** (1969) a young Canadian returns from a fringe participation in the Chicago riots to find that his girl-friend has given up political action as puerile, and is living on a commune with an American draft-evader. What such films fail to provide is an indigenous 'resistance movement' through which the individual's need for creative self-assertion can merge with a corporate will to self-determination. Of course, it would be easier for a Torontonian, for example, to maintain a conception of himself as colonized, in body and in spirit, if he were not so readily indictable as a colonizer of others — Indians, Eskimos, women and the Quebecois.

The cinema, then, has not so far dramatized an ideologically-based resistance to the condition of the lesser brother. In the few exceptional instances where an alternative image of maleness has been realized, it has been in personal rather than ideological terms. The integrity of the male ego, and the viable maturity of the relationships between men and women, are not associated with radical alienation but, in some cases at least, with an active commitment to community. They seem to combine, in varying proportions, a traditional-uncorrupted and a radical-liberated conception of the kind of person a man should be, and the kind of relationship between the sexes that gives scope to the integrity of each.

Back in 1962, Don Haldane's modest classic, **Drylanders**, told the story of a farm family in Saskatchewan, from their arrival and early struggles in the 1900s, through the bumper prosperity of the '20s, and into the devastating years of drought and Depression. Dan Greer, the head of the family, ends his days an utterly defeated man — but he has known many years of deserved success. He has been defeated at last by Nature, and not by any personal insufficiency. The film celebrates an image of tenacious idealism, rooted in a sense of family and community. It is a classic rendering of a particularly Canadian image of heroism — free of hubris and shunning the assertion of individual prowess. More recently, each of the three films which Paul Almond has written and directed has featured a leading male character with strength, substance and integrity. True, the films focus primarily upon the emotional experience of a female character — played in every case by Geneviève Bujold — but within that experience a man plays a positive and constructive part. He is portrayed as sensitive and dependable, capable of responding generously to the haunted intensity that the Bujold character habitually displays. If anything, Almond's work has a tendency towards romantic melodrama, in which the male lead is something of a paragon. This is especially true of **Isabel** (1968) in which the handsome young Marc Strange rescues Bujold from imminent rape, and also, it seems, from the clutch of her own obsessions and terrors. In **Act of the Heart** (1970) she is a God-possessed Montreal protestant who falls in love with a Catholic priest, in the person of Don Sutherland. A gently self-deprecating, humorous man, unable to match her extremes of mystical intensity, Sutherland's priest nonetheless has the courage to quit the church in order to live with her, thus evincing a capacity for commitment rare among screen males. Finally there is the "visionary allegory" **Journey** (1972) in which a psychically distressed Bujold finds herself in an agricultural commune uncompromisingly committed to pre-industrial subsistence farming. It is a place out of time, a dream place where she may be liberated from the traumatic effect of her past experience. Embodying something of an archetypal femaleness — she comes out of the Saguenay River and bears its name — she encounters 'Boulder', the leading man of the community. While he clearly embodies a rather traditionally conceived archetype of maleness, he is nonetheless depicted as a mature individual who can aid Saguenay without, as it were, colonizing her. When her stay at the commune seems to have fulfilled its therapeutic purpose, he launches her into the river again to continue her own journey.

Another writer-director capable of freeing himself from the imagery of male worthlessness and the impossibility of authentic relationships is Jack Darcus, whose **Great Coups of History** was referred to earlier. Less loftily allegorical than **Journey**, his film **Proxy Hawks** (1972) is also a great deal more modest in scale and budget. It dramatizes a woman's crisis of revulsion against what she perceives as the oppressive capacity

of 'maleness', as manifested by her husband, by the perpetrators of My Lai, and in the behaviour of some carrion birds which her husband keeps in captivity. For a time the husband, played by Darcus himself, looks like the typical Bully, authoritarian, surly, intermittently violent. In his wife's eyes, his sexual approach to her becomes repulsively involved with her images of the ravening birds. But instead of becoming one more vilification of the male, the film goes on to effect a tentative re-establishment and deepening of contact. The man is shown to be capable of acknowledging himself as oppressive, while the woman manages to separate him as a person from the imagery with which he has become associated in her mind. The conclusion contains the possibility of their being able to transcend conditioned roles and stereotypes, and to work out a co-existence for mature human beings.

If I were to try and prescribe the future course of the younger brother's dream-life, I should call for more visions of emancipation and fewer fantasies of self-inflicted defeat. In so doing I am not encouraging the cultivation of an aggressively 'masculine' individualism, but the exploration of roles and relationships which are individually liberating and culturally possible. Ideally there might be imagined a transvaluation of the younger brother syndrome, whereby the qualities and characteristics derived from that experience are re-affirmed as active virtues rather than passive shortcomings. By inhibiting the development of "chauvinism", both nationally and in the individual temperament, the Canadian condition has perhaps made possible a mode of self-realization that would be socially transforming.

Meanwhile, and by way of a conclusion, let me take brief notice of three films released in the Fall of 1973. (I ask the reader to believe that I had not seen them when writing the foregoing article, and that I had no hand in writing their screenplays.) The first, Don Shebib's **Between Friends**, shows a strong and candid girl abandoning the flabby, inconsiderate dope she has been living with, for the sake of a visiting American whom he has idolized as hero, mentor, special buddy — in short, as older brother. The pathetically devastated Canadian gets himself shot in a hold-up, and the American, played by Michael Parks, turns out to be emotionally distant and witheld. In **Paperback Hero** (Peter Pearson) the protagonist, named Rick Dillon, acts out an infantile fantasy of *machismo* by identifying with a legendary American. Known indulgently as 'the Marshall' by the people of Delisle, Saskatchewan, Dillon theatrically bullies and swaggers his way around, until one of his women despairs of him, and the other sears him with her infuriated contempt. In a **High Noon**-style shoot-out which goes awry, Dillon too gets himself shot by the police. It would appear from these latest movies that the penalty for being an inadequate male is growing more severe.

Finally there is **Slipstream** by David Acomba, in which a Canadian protagonist emancipates himself from a colonized personal condition, and seems to be all the better for it. A rock D.J. broadcasting from a ranch house in the hills for a radio station in Alberta, Mike Mallard rebels against his cynical exploitation by the aggressive, city-slick station owner — played by sometime New Yorker Eli Rill as a very American stereotype. At the same time he refuses to be domesticated by a girl who has moved in on him uninvited, and they separate in mutual anger after she has severed his broadcasting cable with an axe. As his culminating and most radical gesture he sets fire to his ranch-house-cum-studio and watches it burn to the ground, declaring brusquely to a reporter who has come after a story that "it makes sense". **Slipstream** is not a major work, for all that it won the 1973 Canadian Film Awards, and the emancipation of an Alberta disc-jockey may not seem to be terribly significant. But the film dramatizes a credible assertion of sovereign identity by a Canadian character who is neither Coward, Bully nor Clown.

END

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REVIEWS

Rick Dreyfuss, Jack Warden and crew

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF DUDDY KRAVITZ

An Astral Films release of an International Cinemedia Center production. Director: Ted Kotcheff. Producer: John Kemeny. Screenplay: Mordecai Richler, based on his novel. Photography: Brian West, B.S.C. Cast: Richard Dreyfuss, Micheline Lanctôt, Randy Quaid, Joseph Wiseman, Denholm Elliot, Henry Ramer, Joe Silver, Jack Warden.

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz is so good that you wish it were better; it's so good that it overcomes weaknesses that would ruin a lesser film. Amongst those weaknesses are: an opening scene that's crummy, a closing scene that falls flat, and atrocious stock music.

In the first scene, Jack Warden (as Duddy's father, Max) delivers a monologue about "The Boy Wonder" that just doesn't work; Warden doesn't sound like a taxi driver, he sounds like an actor delivering a monologue. But it's not so much Warden's fault as Ted Kotcheff's — the whole scene is badly directed. As is the last scene where Warden, sitting in the same snack-bar, begins a monologue about Duddy. It's anti-climactic after a previous, much more dramatic, scene and the result is a contrived throw-away.

The awful music is probably the result of budget problems: the credits read "Music Supervision Stanley Myers, Standard Music." Stanley Myers is a fine composer (**Kaleidoscope, Ulysses, Night of the Following Day,** etc.) and my guess is that he "supervised" the selection of the stock music as a favour to Kotcheff.

Kotcheff should have returned the favour and left Myers' name off the credits.

Now that the nit-picking is out of the way I should add that **Duddy Kravitz** is a dynamite movie and its faults probably stick out because the rest of it is so good. The first scene looks especially bad because the rest of the film is so well acted, and the last scene seems especially limp because Kotcheff milks every other scene for all it's worth.

In fact, despite the general acclaim the film has received in Canada, I think Kotcheff has been overlooked while all of the praise is being heaped on the actors. He infuses the film with an incredible energy and makes the story so immediate that you forget it's set in 1948. The film is as "authentic" as any of the other period pieces making the rounds, but unlike most of the others it avoids both condescending humour ("Ha, ha. Weren't people dumb then.") and mindless nostalgia ("Sigh. Wasn't life simple then.").

Not that the acting isn't great. You expect Joseph Wiseman and Denholm Elliot to be good (at least I do), but Henry Ramer and Joe Silver are terrific too, as are the younger actors: Randy Quaid, Micheline Lanctôt and (especially) Richard Dreyfuss. Somewhere else in this issue Bob Fothergill talks about how the women in Canadian films are all wonderful, warm, intelligent and long-suffering at the hands of the men who can best be described as schmucks. **Duddy Kravitz** is no exception, but Dreyfuss pulls off a near miracle: he manages to make Duddy both believable and likeable!

He's given some help from Mordecai Richler's script. Maybe Richler has mellowed in the 15 years since he wrote the novel, but his screenplay places much more emphasis on the motivations for Duddy's callous, money-grubbing aggresiveness. (Hmmmmmm... I was about to say "pushiness".) The motivations are in the book, but they're in the background; in the film they're brought to the foreground. The film's Duddy so lacks the streak of maliciousness that's in the book's Duddy that it's hard to believe that he'll mature into the Duddy Kravitz whom Richler brought back in *St. Urbain's Horseman.* (For that matter I found the Duddy Kravitz sections the least satisfactory part of *St. Urbain's Horseman.*)

Dreyfuss as Duddy

But enough about books; back to the silver screen. With the price of movie tickets escalating at an alarming rate (not to mention the price of popcorn) the most important criterion in the evaluation of any film has become "Is it worth three bucks?" Well, despite the crummy music, the weak opening and the limp closing, **Duddy Kravitz** is so well written, directed and acted and (like Duddy, himself) has so much vitality that I give it the highest accolade: Don't wait for it to come back on a double bill. Go see it even if it does cost three dollars. *Joe Medjuck*

THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT

A Hallmark release of a Sean S. Cunningham production. Written, Directed and Edited by Wes Craven. Cast: David Hess, Lucy Grantham, Sandra Cassel, Marc Sheffler, Ada Washington, Martin Kove. Colour. 90 mins.

Two gripes have kept the lid on **Last House on the Left**. First: it "rips off" (*Cue*'s term) the plot of Bergman's **The Virgin Spring**. Maybe so — about as much as Joyce rips off Homer. On the surface, the only plot variation is that **Last House** traces the rape/deaths of *two* attractive teenage girls, before turning the killers over to the avenging hands (and mouths, to include a graphic fellatio-castration) of one girl's parents. But rather than opting for parable, director/scriptwriter/editor Wes Craven plops this plot head-first into the seamier side of contemporary culture. The girls are no innocents, and the movie ripples with symbols of their self-destruction. The rock group they're "dying" to see is named "Bloodlust". After the concert, they try to score grass in the "bad" neighborhood their parents have warned them against, when they walk into their own abduction. One girl's bedroom is plastered with posters of Mick Jagger: grim irony indeed, since the devils she might have had sympathy for, had they not killed her, spend the night in her room.

Gripe number two concerns the usual violence bugbear. Pictorially, **Last House on the Left** is as grubby as **Psycho** — and by chronicling the murders rather than ritualizing them, it bounces our sense of identification around just as much as **Psycho** did. The killers — three New York be-bops and an "animalistic" (according to the police reports) girl — come on like de-romanticized Bonnie and Clydes, complete with the spontaneous sensitivity to perversion which characterizes such anti-heroes. The actors are neither Warren Beattys, nor rank amateurs — placing them at that precise level of semi-realism which lends them haunting correctness. So we identify with them for a while: right down to watching one girl they stab crawl as far as she can, before collapsing. But we also identify with her friend, when she realizes that she too is going to die. And with the criminals again, when the horror of what they've done sinks in. And with the parents, when they discover the identity of their "house-guests."

Wes Craven is no Bergman — his film's pace veers wildly, and the ending is terribly staged — but he reveals things which Bergman, out on his island, might never dream existed. There is even a distinctly un-Bergmanesque moral: a society which teases itself with its evils is only opening the door for them. **Last House on the Left** does to middle class complacence what **Psycho** did to showers, **Easy Rider** to biking through the South; and did we throw those babies out with the bath water? *Harry Ringel*

Harry Ringel is an occasional contributor to this magazine who teaches high school in Oreland, Pennsylvania.

THE PROMISED LAND

Chile. 1973. Directed and written by Miguel Littin. Produced by Cinematografica Tercer Mondo and I.C.A.I.C. (Instituto Cubano del Arte e Industria Cinematograficos). Photographed by Affonso Beato (Eastmancolor). Edited by Nelson Rodrigues. Music by Luis Advis, Inti-Illimani Group. Distributed in U.S. by Tricontinental Films. Running time: ca. 20 min. With: Nelson Villagra (Jose Duran), Marcelo Gaete (Traje Cruzado), Rafael Benavente (Don Fernando), Mireya Kulchewsky (The Virgin of the Carmen), Anibal Reyna (train engineer), Carmen Bueno, Pedro Alvarez, and the Inhabitants of Santa Cruz, Colchagua.

Sometimes it is absurd to try to separate a film from the context of reality in which it exists. Miguel Littin's **The Promised Land** is such a film, inextricably linked with the history and the anguished actuality of Chile. It is impossible to watch the film without a continuous and burning consciousness of the unspeakable rape of Chile and its people in September of 1973. That unnatural and chronically painful disaster has given Littin's film an irony and a power which he never intended and it makes any "objective judgment" of the film more than a little fatuous.

The Promised Land is an historical paean to the founding of the peasants' community of Palmilla in 1930 (where Littin was born 12 years later) and a broad panorama of the popular uprisings of the 1930s which foreshadowed the Chilean revolution of the seventies. Those early popular revolts eventually failed: the film depicts that failure: and there lies the unintended and particularly painful irony of the film: the parallel was not intended to be so precise. So the emotions that are stirred up by the tragedy of contemporary Chile are inexorably mirrored in this historical pageant, yet, even if the "treason" (as Littin calls it) of last September had never taken place, **The Promised Land** would still strike one as a film of exceptional power and clarity.

The film chronicles the founding and development of the cooperative community of Palmilla in 1930 on what had been government lands; the emergence of a leader — José Duran — and the gradual rise of a political consciousness which extends beyond the boundaries of the successful community of Palmilla and embraces the whole nation. Duran leads a party into the neighboring town of Huique because it quickly becomes apparent that Palmilla won't survive so long as it must try to exist within the capitalist, exploitative structure represented by the traders and the political leadership in Huique. Duran and his men operate with the assurance that a new president has been elected who will help them. When they discover that that election was short-lived and their man has already been replaced by the old order, their mini-revolution collapses and they return to Palmilla only to face the impassive army contingent which has been sent to dispossess them. Many of the Palmillanas die.

So the film is based in the kind of historical events which naturally yield themselves to myths. But there is more to it: Littin has captured the reality and the humanity of those mythic historical events. Here, too, the power of the film is directly attributable to the parallels between the thirties and the seventies. There is a sense of life, of vitality and political health in **The Promised Land** that comes only when it is also present in the social matrix for a film. And the sense we get that **The Promised Land** is a passionate and true expression of Chile in 1972 and early 1973 is its most refreshing quality. It is not really very important that the materials of the film are mythic; it *is* exciting that the people of the film are real: that the old narrator is speaking from actual memories of the early days of Palmilla; that Chile was for a time being reborn, fulfilling the promise of 1930. This makes **The Promised Land** the kind of film that is a direct expression of social will — and that is as powerful as it is rare.

Littin had studied film, television and theatre at the University of Chile in Santiago and made several shorts before completing his first feature, **The Jackal of Nahueltoro (El Chacal de Nahueltoro)** in 1968. That film, also based in actual events, has the same kind of clean, direct power as **The Promised Land** and is also now available in North America. When Salvador Allende was elected, Littin became head of Chile Films, the nationalized film studio. The story of Palmilla was apparently a major project in the few short years of Chile Films: as the document or hymn of national desire that it was intended to be, it works only too well. There are occasional quirky (and, to my mind, counterproductive) forays into symbology and the film has something of the enervating stylishness of Jancso's esthetic exercises, but for the most part the people win through and the exhilaration of their doubly new-found freedom as they take control of their own lives is tremendously exciting and thoroughly cinematic.

Littin is now living in Mexico City and teaching at the university there. When **The Promised Land** was shown in the New Directors series at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, he wrote to the Film Department:

> You cannot know how grateful I am for your good wishes. Truly, it has been very hard for us — there are days when the nostalgia for our country barely lets us live — for we have lost so much, and the rage and the pain is such that living becomes difficult... As I write, a friend at my side exclaims, "Today it is five months since the treason"... Do you realize? There is not a passing hour, even a moment, during which the drama of Chile is not with us, within us, under our very skin...

What can films matter in such a situation? Well, if art has any use at all, **The Promised Land** will survive as a record of what was, and a reminder of what might have been. Small comfort indeed to Littin and Chileans, but nevertheless a clear sign that Chile will live again. Antonio Machado once wrote:

> Walker, there is no road,
> roads are made by walking.

The Promised Land is another step.

James Monaco

Both Littin's films, **The Promised Land** and **The Jackal of Nahueltoro**, are available in the U.S. from Tricontinental Films and in Canada from DEC Films, Toronto. Other Chilean films and films about Chile available in North America include Aldo Francia's **Valparaiso, Mi Amor** (American Documentary Films), Saul Landau, Nino Serrano and Raul Ruiz' **Que Hacer** (New York's Impact Films) and Landau and Haskell Wexler's **Interview With President Allende** (New Yorker Films and Cinema Images in Toronto). Also, these shorts: **When The People Awake** (Tricontinental Films and DEC), **Venceremos** (Pedro Chaskel, T-C F.), **Houses or Shit, The Mapuche** (both Carlos Flores and Guillermo Cahn, both T-C F.), **Camapamento** (Tom Cohen and Richard Pearce, T-C F. and Impact), **How and Why Was the General Murdered?** (Cuban, Santiago Alvarez, American Documentary Films), and **Chile Puts on Long Pants** (Al and Hannah Levin for NET, A.D.F. and Impact.) Also of interest is Aldo Francia's **Praying Is Not Enough (Ya No Basta Con Rezar,** 1972) which, so far as is known, is not yet distributed in North America. Gary Crowdus of Tricontinental Films informs me that quite a few films have been smuggled out of Chile and will find their way into distribution soon — good news, of a sort.

James Monaco, a frequent Take One contributor (most recently of the interview with distributor Dan Talbot that ran in our last issue), is a lecturer in Film and Drama at New York's New School for Social Research. He has also been writing, recently, for The New York Times.

THE JAIL

A Cinema 5 release. Produced and Directed by: Michael Anderson, Paul Jacobs, Saul Landau and Bill Yahraus.

The Jail was filmed inside the San Francisco County Jail between April and July, 1972. The filmmakers were apparently allowed to go wherever they wanted inside the jail and to shoot whatever they wished. They've captured as accurate a view of jail as photographer Danny Lyon did of the Texas prison system in his book *Conversations with the Dead*; which is my way of saying **The Jail** is an honest and powerful achievement.

I haven't been inside a county or city jail in over 12 years; but, just as the odor of food can sometimes make you feel hungry, the sight of the jail caused me to feel a hollow-at-the-center depression. There have been pitifully few changes. Bedlam remains Bedlam. The decor is still early James Cagney, austerity is still equated with virtue, and both guards and prisoners continue to have one thing in common — neither group fully understands how they got where they are.

The presentation is amazingly well balanced, a feat that must have taken superhuman control. The film makes no statement that I was able to detect. It simply tells it like it is, and it would probably be as well received by an audience of police chiefs as it was by the convicts who viewed it beside me.

The film is open to any interpretation the audience's orientation will let it make. The prisoners are furnished with television, but they must sit on the bare floor to watch it. They are allowed to sing, but empty tin cans provide the "music". They are apparently well fed, but the food appears bland and unappetizing when scooped onto tin trays or poured through cell bars into tin cups or used milk cartons. They laugh and joke and play rough games, but it's clear that screaming rage is never far beneath the surface.

There is no narration. The prisoners and guards speak for themselves, and both do their share of rationalizing. Some prisoners claim they can't adjust to their insane surroundings, but the film is full of evidence of adjustment. Others attack the sheriff for being a "racist pig," but it was he who permitted the camera crew access to the jail. One guard claims it is necessary that guards become insensitive; however, a lack of humanity and concern for human values is what's most apparent about the jail. A guard officer carries insensitivity to its extreme by voicing his sincere belief that concentration camps are rehabilitative because no one has to be sent to two of them. That's like saying death is good for you and shows there are guards whose thinking is as screwed up as the most confused prisoner's.

The camera focuses on a lot of insanity, both human and architectural: The "visiting room" is designed to prevent contact and hinder communication. Pri-

soners and their visitors shout to each other through a tightly woven, heavy mesh screen while others on both sides of them do the same. A prisoner is sent to "isolation" (a mild euphemism for solitary confinement — some jails call it "individual treatment" or even "meditation"), a dark, bare room where he is given no comforts, not even a mattress or blankets, because a guard "thought" he'd called out "Fuck you!" Another man is threatened with the same treatment for writing on his cell wall. And the camera gives a close-up of a door marked:

Rehabilitation Officer
No Admittance

It's like something out of *Catch 22*.

Two sections struck me as particularly sad. The first is where a sensitive and articulate black guard sergeant is feeling sorry for the wasted life of a prisoner, never realizing that his own life is being poured into a sewer. The second is where a prisoner refers to himself and the other men as "inmates." No thinking prisoner today wants to be called an inmate. That's like calling a Jew a kike, an Italian a wop; or a Black a nigger.

Prisons and jails are not the same as hospitals and asylums, and prisoners are *not* sick. Misdirected, immature, ill-advised sometimes, but *not* sick. And the insanity to be found inside prisons and jails, like the sign on the Rehabilitation Officer's door, is more often a product of the keepers than of the kept.

If prisoners can be called inmates, then prisons and jails, it must be assumed, are like hospitals and asylums — places where cures are attempted and sometimes achieved. And if they serve this useful purpose, they deserve a place in society.

If.

However, the word inmate carries the connotation that the person is flawed either physically or mentally. When you think of an inmate you picture someone who is in some way defective. And that's not the worst of it. What's really insidious is that if a man can be induced to refer to himself as an inmate, as occured in **The Jail**, he'll begin to think of himself in those terms. A man's pride in himself and in his worth as a human being can be undermined just that easily.

I said earlier that there have been few changes in the years since I last set foot inside a jail, but **The Jail** clearly illustrates one change that most people already know about. Many of the prisoners, especially the younger ones, have been politicized; and many of the officials, especially the older ones, are being driven to distraction, unable to cope with this new "political" prisoner. The older guards look back with nostalgia to the time when a prisoner would readily admit his transgressions and meekly accept all the shit that was thrown at him while he "paid his debt to society," whatever that is.

But how can prisoners be controlled when they admit no guilt, claiming they are the product of a sick and insane society; when they refuse to acknowledge the authority of their keepers and band together with a solidarity prisoners have never had before? The answer is they can't be controlled. And the officials quite predictably blame their inability to do an impossible job on the Communists, or say unrest is caused by reformers.

The camera recorded a lot of posturing. The camera and microphone brought the ham out of some guards and prisoners. Gestures are often exaggerated; some people strut rather than walk. What might seem like uninhibited talk of sex is actually quite subdued, and there are more nervous laughs than would normally be heard in a month. I'm sure the filmmakers anticipated and tried to compensate for this to some extent by making themselves a familiar sight around the jail, but they were only partially successful. However, until someone figures out a way to hide the camera and sound equipment from both guards and prisoners, I doubt anyone will surpass **The Jail**.

Albert F. Nussbaum

Once one of the FBI's ten most wanted men, Albert F. Nussbaum is serving a 40-year sentence for multiple bank robberies at the U.S. Penitentiary, Marion, Ill. He writes for a wide range of periodicals, including The American Scholar, Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine *and* Cinéaste, *and is a regular* Take One *contributor.*

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THE CONVERSATION

A Paramount release of a Directors Company presentation. Producer: Fred Roos. Director: Francis Ford Coppola. Music: David Shire. Cast: Gene Hackman, Allen Garfield, Frederic Forrest, Cindy Williams, John Cazale, Elizabeth MacRae. Technicolor. 113 mins.

An utterly ordinary movie. Just as ordinary as **Blow-Up** from which it's stolen--er--on which it's *based*. Only decent reasons to've seen that one in '67 were the Yardbirds were in it plus a little gratuitous teencunt. Both were heinously misused by that Eyetalian Antonioni but at least they were in there somewhere (nothin at all in **The Conversation**). Rest of **Blow-Up** was just so much pretentious European swill, *ordinary* pretentious European swill. The perfect inspiration for a jackoff like Coppola who's always harbored aspirations like those himself (ordinary's supposed to indicate craftsmanly competence and self-assurance).

So here you're stuck with another movie about a guy using the records made by technological extensions of his sensory apparatus to reconstruct a past empirical whatsit pretty much irrelevant to his lifestream until his decision to do so. In **Blow-Up** it was David Hemmings as the seemingly successful photog bon vivant and here it's Gene Hackman as the obviously well-paid introverted electronic eavesdropper. Somewhat contrasting setups from the word go and so on for just about everything down the line. Opulent outdoor splendor in the former; dusty interiors in the latter. Comely clientele in the former; ordinary-looking cohorts in the latter. Decadent conspicuous consumerism in the former; unadorned stoical reclusiveness in the latter. Casual with-it party attendance in the former; rare attendance accompanied by awkwardness and desperation in the latter. Quasi-spontaneous horny sex in the former; forced and premeditated sex in the latter. Sudden eruption of conscience as a jet-set lark in the former; ditto as an overdue byproduct of general Catholic guilt in the latter. Etc., etc., etc. as FFC's inverse plagiarism becomes all too evident in its thoroughness.

But any possible namby pamby titillation to be obtained by the succession of carefully plotted contrasts is ultimately devastated by the basic humdrum similarity of Hackman's overall cornball plight to Hemmings's. Just about all of the two protagonists' initial transactions are devoid of any joy whatever, neither of em doin much anymore except by rote, their proto-artisanly skills denigrated like they were just another pair of blue collar gigs (but in halfassed manner only, unlike **The Friends of Eddie Coyle** where it's taken all the way). Later each finds himself in the midst of a not-much-more-than-minimal nascent external involvement, ending up more than slightly warped by the experience (cocksure Hemmings fancies himself non-existent, the big ontological horror; formerly passive Hackman chops his apartment to shit in vain search for a hidden bugging device, the epitome of high paranoia). Both endings stink about the same.

There's this stuff throughout **The Conversation** tho that stinks even more, namely the mysterioso sappiness of the "Director" — whoever the hell he is — who's employed Hackman to make the big tape, I mean what *is* this, a James Bond movie? Good thing it was made *before* Watergate — the outrage at which had pretty much been conditioned by earlier hokus pokus secret surveillance flickers and not much else — or the pursuit of topicality mighta made it even more ridiculous.

Caul, for the record, is just one more meager facet of Gene Hack-Man's (fortunately occasionally pleasing) cinematic persona. Dom DeLuise or somebody recently commented on the *Johnny Carson Show* that while Robert Redford was just another pretty face fellow guest Gene could really *act*, being convincing

Formerly coxswain of the Stony Brook University boating team, Richard Meltzer has had articles and reviews of rock, sports, television and travel published in Rolling Stone, Cream, Fusion, Crawdaddy, Circus, Zoo World, Screw, Oui *and many other publications ('twas he responsible for the Elvis Presley cover story in our last issue). Meltzer's books are* The Aesthetics of Rock *and* Gulcher, Post-Rock Cultural Pluralism in America *(a forthcoming "Ian's-eye view of 1974 in sport" is to be published by Scribner's; an autobiography,* Caned Out, *was withdrawn at the last minute by anxious publishers wary of libel suits). Selected by* Esquire Magazine *as one of its "Heavy 100 in Rock", Meltzer was asked to write the monthly's rock column; three successive articles of his were rejected before the idea was dropped.*

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in a *totally different role* every outing. Hogwash cause the only role he ever played that was sufficiently different from all the others to merit any such comment was the drifter in **Scarecrow**, there just wasn't all that much difference between him in **The French Connection** and him in **Downhill Racer**. Same for him in this too but at least it's a him that's consistently almost *viable* for whatever that's worth (the new semi-Wallace Beery?).

Allen Garfield meanwhile is *exactly* the same in the role of Caul's electronix colleague/competitor as he's ever been in any of the umpteen million bit parts he's now danced his way thru. He's nothin if he ain't the best (and — given enough time and rope to hang himself — likely also the worst) mere flavoring element in American cinema since, say, Joseph Cotten (**Citizen Kane** wouldn't have been shit without him). Not enough to save this one however, all his brief appearance does (besides serve to suggest the atypicality of Caul as a snooper, a casting gimmick not called upon in **Blow-Up** where the only lensman was whatsisname) is heighten the monotony of the rest of it. Plus his stated history as the man who had once tipped off Chrysler that Cadillac was about to drop its fins functions more as out-of-context cheezy comedy than it does as opposite number to the somber humorlessness of Caul's standard freelance situation. Pointlessly dumb like in a Robert Downey movie but with more weight behind it than the non-joke of all the rest, just one more unnecessary fly in the ointment.

Then there's the music. As mentioned, at least **Blow-Up** had the Yardbirds but all this one can come up with is "Won't You Come Home Bill Bailey", "When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob Bob Bobbin Along" and Hackman tenor-saxing it in accompaniment to some old big band recorded crap. Could easily have used "Wichita Lineman" or "Strangers in the Night" and they woulda been just as appropriate — but what's Frank Ford *know*?

R. Meltzer

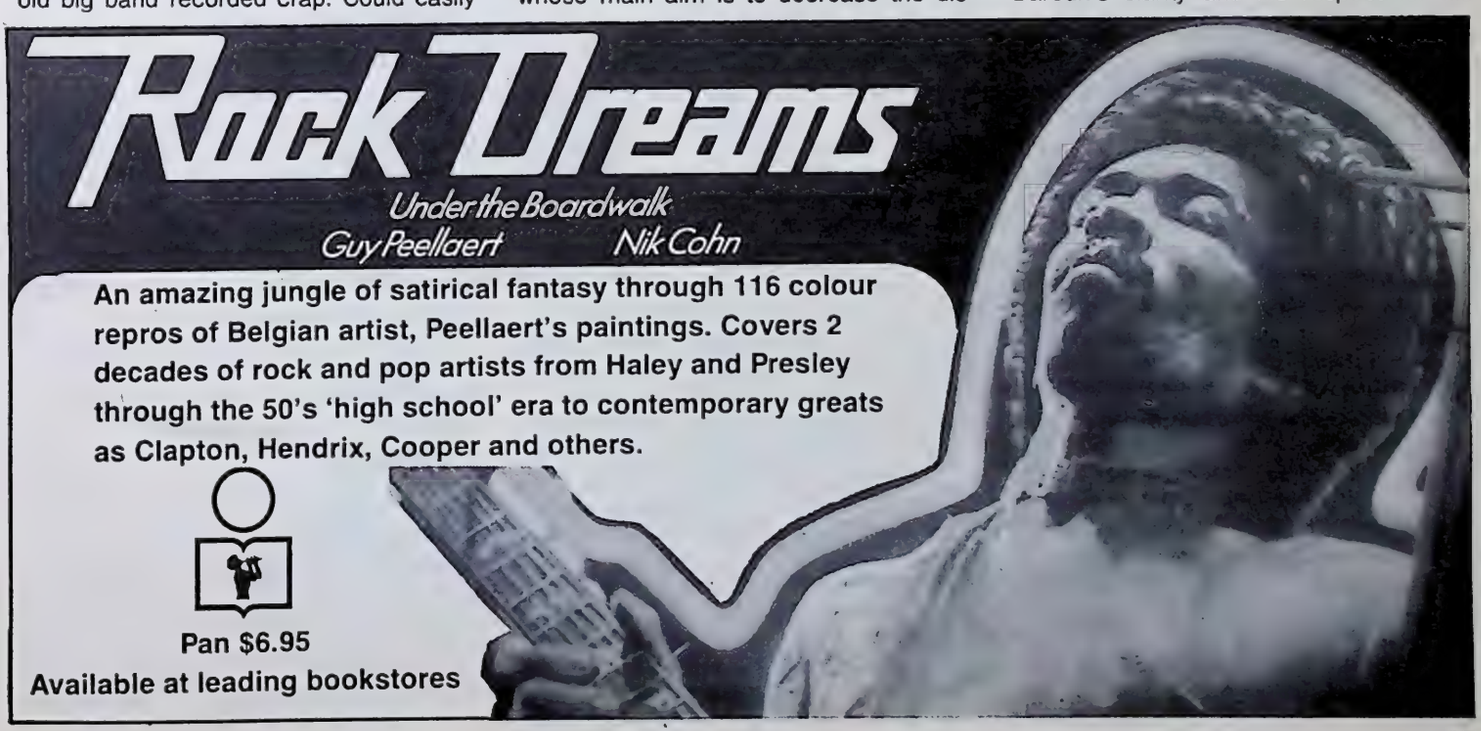
ÇA VA, ÇA VIENT

Produced by Barouh, Killy S.A. and Nouvelles Éditions des Films. Director: Pierre Barouh. Screenplay: Barouh. Photography: Michael Humeau. Editor: Chantal Colomer. Cast: Areski Belkacem, Christian Portal, Elie Guarguier, Jerome Savary, and the Grand Magic Circus. Eastmancolor. 120 mins.

Ça Va, Ça Vient is a very leisurely film. Not much happens during the warm and pleasant two hours that you spend watching it. Areski and Elie are construction workers, helping, at the moment the film takes place, to destroy one of the oldest historical sections of Paris, against their better judgment. The time is June, 1970. The air is warm and sweet, the days are long, and both Areski and Elie would rather spend their time playing guitars and talking to kids than helping to destroy the old buildings of Paris. There is a Metro strike on at the moment, and this adds to the disorientation that allows them to free themselves somewhat from the lockstep work schedule they usually follow. During the course of the film, they spend some time talking to people in a café, go to a party, talk to kids, hitch rides around Paris, and talk to people who are being evicted so that high-rises can be built. At their friend Coyote's, they run into Jerome Savary and his Magic Circus troupe. The film ends leisurely when Jerome asks Areski if he'd like to be a member of the troupe. At least Areski can escape.

No, not much happens in **Ça Va, Ça Vient**, but Pierre Barouh's first feature has a powerful sense of mood and time, a city and its people that is very precious and strikingly refreshing. Barouh has an innate sense of the kind of realist style whose main aim is to decrease the distance between audience and "actors." This is a very friendly film, by the time it has worked its magic on you, you've experienced the reality that Areski, Elie, Coyote and Barouh have shared. You've been modestly invited to share it with them and you know and feel what their world is like in a very precise and human way. **Ça Va, Ça Vient** doesn't impose itself on its audience and it quietly observes the lives of its people with a notable lack of condescension. The unique power of the film derives from Barouh's breathtaking ability to mute the "voice" of the camera so that the lives of Areski, Coyote, Elie and their friends come through clear and strong, without the incessant, muddling interference of "art."

During the last six years, since the "events" of May '68, there has been a renewed interest in France in the kind of filmmaking which is generally labeled "realist" and which investigates working-class life with some sort of political sense. Yet a strong realist/political tradition has never existed in France as it has in Britain or Italy, and this makes the appearance of a director like Barouh all the more exciting, for it is clear from **Ça Va, Ça Vient** that he has an intuitive understanding of the realist/political film that is exceedingly rare in the original land of the bourgeoisie. It's true that Godard and the Dziga-Vertov group have done films that are light-years more intellectual than **Ça Va, Ça Vient**, and Chris Marker and the SLON Group have done work that is much closer in spirit to what might be called "French neorealism"; the Group Medvedkine's **Weekend à Sochaux** is much more politically active than **Ça Va**: yet, no one, so far as I can see, has come as close as Barouh to making the kind of clear, honest, simple, direct, and absorbing film that **Ça Va, Ça Vient** is. This is a model for the political film as humanist document rather than rhetorical essay. Barouh's clarity and his respect for his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characters make the film much wider in appeal, and stronger, I think, in its politics, since whatever statements **Ça Va, Ça Vient** makes, grow organically from the reality of the people in front of the camera, rather than having been imposed on them (and us) by pre-conceived theory.

I think this is a tremendously important kind of filmmaking. Ken Loach does something like this in England, but no one else, so far as I know has come close to rivalling Barouh's particularly human eloquence. **Ça Va, Ça Vient** captures a specific time and place and mood with a searing clarity that gives it a timeless value. Barouh is no businessman; he regards the film more as a personal communication and he would prefer to be present when it is shown so that he can talk about it later with the audience and get *their* views. Nevertheless, Barouh is now looking for a distributor on this side of the ocean and as the months pass, more and more of us will have the pleasure of experiencing its singular pleasure. Eventually it will have the reputation it deserves as one of the finest films of the seventies.

James Monaco

Pierre Barouh is probably best-known as an actor for his role as Anouk Aimée's husband in Claude Lelouch's **Un Homme et Une Femme** eight years ago. His real contribution to that very successful film is not well-known, however. Having spent several years in Brazil studying the samba, he came back to Paris just in time to infuse his love of that music into Lelouch's film and that was an important factor in its success, I think. (Barouh's music for **Ça Va, Ça Vient** is a vital factor in that film, too.) Barouh took the royalty money from some of the songs he wrote for the film and started his own record company, Saravah, which has done some fascinating albums during the past few years. A couple of years before he made **Ça Va, Ça Vient**, Barouh completed a thoroughly charming documentary on the samba, called **Saravah**, which does more in some ways even than Landau and Wexler's **Report on Torture In Brazil** in explaining the tragedy of that country, since it shows what has been lost during the last ten years and reemphasizes how people can survive. Barouh is now working on a film about the lives of some people in a village in the south of France which he expects might take five years to complete. He wants to watch them grow.

When Claude Lelouch first saw **Ça Va, Ça Vient**, he went straight out and made his own version of the film, the markedly inferior **Smic, Smac, Smoc**, which has already been seen in the U.S. Gresham's Law (Bad money drives out Good) works in film as well as in economics.

COME ON CHILDREN

Allan King Associates Limited. Producer and Director: Allan King. Photography: William Brayne. Sound: Brian Avery. Editing: Arla Saare. Cast: John Hamilton, Lesley Henry, Ken Gibbs, Noreen McCallum, Jo Anne Lye, Richard McMullen, Alan Dunikowski, Jane Harrison, Sharon Wall, Alex Zinojinovich. Color. 92 min.

Allan King's latest feature, **Come On Children**, was made in late 1971, but as of this writing has yet to be released. I have seen it twice: in March of 1973 at a preview at the Ontario Film Theater, and in late June at a special screening at the Robert Flaherty Film Seminar. Both times Allan King was there to introduce the film and to explain its conception. King originally was going to do a film on drugs and youth. However, while interviewing teen-agers as research for the film, he was impressed by their belief that their lives would be different and easier if they were not hassled by parents, schools, jobs, and cops. As a result, King departed from the original conception of a film centering on drugs and adolescence and decided to arrange for ten teen-agers to live together on a farm outside of Toronto for ten weeks, free from the hassles they described. As the kids tried to make it on their own in this "hassle-free environment" — with room and board and a small fee supplied by King — his crew of photographer Bill Brayne and soundman Brian Avery recorded what happened.

It is important to note that the circumstances of the film which are clarified when King introduces it are not made clear in the film itself, even though they are mentioned in the lyrics of the opening song by John Hamilton, one of the kids. Consequently, the audience is left wondering who these kids are, why they are where they are, why King is filming them, and whether or not he is exploiting or being exploited by filming them.

The kids not only are getting paid by King, but also were carefully chosen from over three hundred applicants King auditioned. Most important, however is the fact that although some of the kids knew each other before hand, the group to a large extent is a "granfalloon". The only real connection between all of these kids is that they are making a film with Allan King. They are not, as many viewers might suppose from an initial viewing of the film, an intentional (on their part) community or commune.

King calls his films "actuality dramas", and one of the attractions of **Warrendale** and **A Married Couple** is that they are not only founded in actuality but that they do contain drama. The intense drama in **Warrendale** grows out of the natural actions and interactions of the kids and therapists, especially in their reactions to the death of Dorothy the cook, which occurred while King was filming. Similarly, in **A Married Couple**, the drama pervades through the alternating conflict and reconciliation of Billy and Antoinette.

However, little drama either in action or speech appears in **Come On Children**. What we see for most of the film are minor squabbles over cooking and meals, some of the kids taking drugs, and a lot of just "spending" time. Even though some of the kids are colourful or even memorable, and seem to have been chosen for a particular quality or personality trait, their mere presence is not enough to overcome a general feeling of ennui which seems to have pervaded the farm. True, the ennui may very well reflect the awkwardness of the situation and the actuality of what does happen to these ten kids in a hassle-free environment, but apparently King hoped for something more. When he saw that the daily activities were yielding little material of dramatic or emotional appeal, he brought forth his *deus ex machina* and had the kids' parents visit them on the farm, hoping that this might produce more interesting material. Although the parental visit does provide some humorous and touching incidents, it does not provide the drama needed to sustain the film. Moreover, the overall lack of intensity is compounded by King's interspersing a number of "lyrical" passages which only add to the contrived atmosphere — especially one day-for-night scene of John Hamilton in the barn with a cat, and one of Lesley walking alone in the fields accompanied by her voice-over reading of passages from Margaret Laurence.

Happily, despite the shortcoming of **Come On Children**, King's humanistic and concerned vision is still present. There are still sequences which demonstrate his mastery of the documentary film. King and editor Arla Saare include a sequence in which two of the boys openly confront the presence of the camera and rebel against it, within the context of the film, without the spectacle or exploitation one might expect from such a sequence. In another sequence with Godard-like overtones, John Hamilton relates to another boy at the frozen lakeside his past experiences with drugs and his parents' reactions to finding out he took drugs. Although we do not see, but only hear about the incidents, our vision of them is remarkably vivid.

In speaking of King's earlier work, Jean Renoir questioned how fiction films "animated by professional actors" could compete with **Warrendale**. While the same high praise might apply to **A Married Couple**, it is doubtful if it would apply to **Come On Children**. **Come On Children** is not, as one would have hoped, equal to the previous accomplishments of Allan King. It should, however, be released commercially not only because of its own merits, but also because of King's prominence in Canadian and international documentary filmmaking. *John Stuart Katz*

John Stuart Katz was recently appointed Chairman of the Film Department of the Faculty of Fine Arts at Toronto's York University. A former member of the faculty at Harvard University and the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, he has produced and directed many educational documentary films as well as authoring a number of books in the area of film study.

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A 16 mm Booker's Guide to Sources of Films Mentioned in this Issue.

Act of the Heart. UNI.
The Adventurer. MAB.
À Nous La Liberté. CMH.
The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz. AST.
À Tout Prendre. Can: FAR. US:UA.
August and July. CRA.
Between Friends. CLW.
The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom. Can:PAR. US:FI.
Blow-Up. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Breathing Together. Can:NCE. US:NLC.
Chester Angus Ramsgood. CDC.
Les Colombes. FM.
The Conversation. Can:PAR* US:FI*
Docks of New York. IVY.
Don't Let the Angels Fall. Can:FF. US.COL.
Drylanders. Can:VC. US:CMH.
Enter the Dragon. WB.
Entr'acte. BUD.
The Ernie Game. VC.
A Fan's Notes. WB.
Les Fêtes Galantes. FAR.
The Finishing Touch. NCE.
Fists of Fury. NGP.
Foxy Lady. CPX.
The Ghost Goes West. MAB.
Goin' Down the Road. NCE.
Great Coups of History. NCE.
Henry V. Can:AST. US:WR.
Un Homme et Une Femme. HCW.
I Married a Witch. CAN:AST. US:MAB.
Isabel. Can:PAR. US:FI.
The Jackal of Nahueltoro. Can:DEC. US:TRI.
The Jail. C5.
King of Hearts. UA.
Last Tango in Paris. UA.
The Luck of Ginger Coffey. Can:CRA. US: WR.
Madeleine is... CDC.
Les Mâles. FAR.
A Married Couple. MMP.
Le Million. Can:CFI. US:MAB.
Moby Dick. UA.
Mon Oncle Antoine. Can:ITF. US:C5 & JAN.
La Mort d'un Bûcheron. FAR.
Night Call Nurses. Can:IFD. US:NWP.
Nobody Waved Goodbye. Can:VC. US:MAB.
One Day More. CMH.
The Only Thing You Know. NCE.
Paisan. Can:LAP. US:NYF.
Pandora's Box. JAN.
Paris Qui Dort (The Crazy Ray). Can:CFI. US:BUD.
Playtime. Can:FAR. US:CON.
Prologue. Can:VC. US:CMH.
The Promised Land. TRI.
Proxy Hawks. NCE.
Quelques Arpents de Neige. FM.
Rainbow Boys. FM.
Rip Off. NCE.
The Rise of Louis XIV. Can:MMP. US:MAB.
Rome, Open City: Can:AST. US:CMH.
The Rowdy Man. CRA.
The Scoundrel. UNI.
Showboat. FI.
Le Silence est d'Or. Can:LAP. US:FCE.
Les Smatties. FAR.
Smic, Smac, Smoc. PR.
Socrates. NYF.
Student Teachers. Can:IFD. US:NWP.
Summer of '42. WB.
Taureau. FAR.
Le Temps d'une Chasse. CPX.
Thirty is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia. Can:VC. US:MAB.
La Vie Rêvée: FAR.
Le Viol d'une Jeune Fille Douce. CRA.
La Vraie Nature de Bernadette. FF.
Warrendale. MMP.
The Way of the Dragon. CTY.
Wedding in White. Can:CPX. US:AEP.

*16mm prints may not yet be available.
While based on sources we believe to be reliable and up to date, Take One cannot guarantee the accuracy of any of the above information, nor assume any liability for the results of any misinformation given. We will be happy to print additions and corrections in future issues.

AEP. Avco Embassy Pictures, 1301 Ave of the Americas, NYC 10019.
AST. Astral Films, 224 Davenport Rd., Toronto M5R 1J7
BEL. BelleVue Film Distributors, 227 Victoria Street, Toronto 2, Ont.
BUD. Budget Films, 4590 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca. 90029
C5: Cinema Five. 595 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022
CDC. Canadian Film-Makers' Distribution Centre, 406 Jarvis St., Toronto M4Y 2G6
CFI. Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling Ave., Ottawa 13, Ont.
CLW. Clearwater Films, 436 Sackville St., Toronto M4X 1S9
CMH. Contemporary Films/McGraw Hill, Princeton Road, Hightstown, N.J. 08520
COL. Columbia Cinematheque, 711 Fifth Ave. NYC 10022
CPX. Cinepix, 8275 Mayrand, Montreal.
CRA: Crawley Distribution, P.O. Box 580, Station F, Toronto 5.
CTY. Cathay Films Ltd., 129/131 Oxford St., London W.1, England
DEC. DEC Films, 200 Bedford Rd., Toronto M5R 2L1
FAR. Faroun Films, 136 St. Paul St., E., Montreal 127.
FCE: Film Classic Exchange, 1926 S. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. 90007.
FF: France Film, 1405 Alexandre de Sève, Montreal, Quebec.
FI. Films Inc., 1144 Wilmette Ave., Wilmette, Ill. 60091.
FM. Films Mutuels, 225 Roy St. E., Montreal.
HCW. Hurlock Cine World, 13 Arcadia Rd., Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870
IFD. International Film Distributors, 20 Bloor St. W., Toronto 5, Ont.
ITF. International Tele-Film, 221 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.
IVY. Ivy Films, 165 W. 46th St., NYC 10022
JAN. Janus Films, 745 5th Ave, NYC 10022
LAP. Lapointe Films, 4651 rue St. Denis, Montreal 176.
MAB. MacMillan Audio Brandon, 34 MacQuesten Parkway S., Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550
MMP. Marlin Motion Pictures, 47 Lakeshore Road E., Port Credit, Ont.
NCE. New Cinema Enterprises, 35 Britain St., Toronto M5A 1R7.
NGP. National General Pictures, 600 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.
NLC. New Line Cinema, 121 University Place, New York, N.Y. 10003.
NWP. New World Pictures, 8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90069.
NYF. New Yorker Films, 43 West 61st St., NYC 10023.
PAR. Paramount Pictures, Toronto Star Building, 1 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
PR. Prima Films, Suite 205, 135 Sherbrooke St. E., Montreal, Que.
TRI. Tricontinental Film Center, 244 West 27th Street, New York 10001.
UA. United Artist Corp., Suite 800, 2180 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. and 729 7th Ave., NYC 10019.
UNI. Universal Films, 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale, Ont. and 445 Park Ave., NYC 10022.
VC. Visual Consultants, 72 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont.
WB. Warner Brothers Distributors, 70 Carlton St., Toronto, Ont. and 400 Warner Blvd., Burbank, Cal. 91505.
WR. Walter Reade 16, 241 East 34th St., NYC 10016.

16 mm News

A column of information for those among our readers who regularly book 16mm films for classroom, film society, etc. Distributors are invited to send word of new releases, etc. to 16mm News, Take One, Box 1778, Station B, Montreal, Quebec H3B 3L3. We'll print as much of it as we can.

The first professionally-produced film scripted and directed by kids has been recently released by Toronto's Insight Productions (34 Bridgman Avenue, Toronto 4, Ontario), and already the 14-minute film — **Life Times Nine** — has won two international film awards (Nyon and Chicago), played on television seven or eight times, and — now — been nominated for an Academy Award. It's an anthology of nine short "commercials", each one selling the joys of being alive. (Students between 11 and 16 years of age directed professional actors and crew.)

The University Film Study Center (Box 275, Cambridge, Mass. 02138) is now distributing a program of films from the 4th Annual New England Student Film Festival. The package of 10 films is two hours long, covers the full spectrum of student filmmaking, and rents for $125.

Vision Quest Inc. (head office, Box 206, Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648) is proud to announce that they have just acquired distribution rights to **The Mirages**, latest film of Armando Robles Godoy (whose **Green Wall** won all kinds of awards and acclaim a few years back). **The Mirages**, already hailed as Best Feature Film at the most recent Chicago International Film Festival, is described as "a work of stunning subtlety and limitless visual beauty... an important event in recent cinema".

The Women's Film Co-op rents women's films at reasonable rates. But their catalogue also describes films available from other distributors, and so is more a women's filmography than anything else. It's available, free, from the Co-op at 200 Main Street, Northampton, Mass. 01060.

Contemporary Films/McGraw Hill has devised a mini-course on film study, based on 14 films in their collection. The two-week course is designed to avoid two mistakes often made in such courses: excessive verbalization, and reliance upon films which "demonstrate" film with staged illustrations. It's intended for high schools and there's an Instructor's Manual. Contact Steve Feltes, Film Study Department, Contemporary Films, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Canada has a new distributor of Third World films in DEC Films (200 Bedford Road, Toronto 180). Among the titles in their catalog are **When the People Awake** (Chile), **Tupamaros** (Uruguay), **Mexico: The Frozen Revolution, The Jackal of Nahueltoro** (dir: Miguel Littin), and the Palestinian film **Revolution until Victory.**

The Center for Southern Folklore is a non-profit corporation that researches and documents folk culture which is being threatened by modern industrialized society. One way they do this is to make films. So far, the titles they have (for rent or sale) are: **Ray Lum: Mule Trader** (18 mins.); **Gravel Springs Fife and Drum** (10 mins.); **Black Delta Religion** (15 mins.); **Delta Blues Singer: James "Sonny Ford" Thomas** (45 mins.); **Mississippi Delta Blues** (18 mins.); and **Greene Valley Grandparents** (10 mins.). Write the Center's Director, Judy Peiser, for descriptive sheets on each film: Center for Southern Folklore, 3756 Mimosa Avenue, Memphis, Tenn. 38111 (901-323-0127).

More 16mm News In our next issue!

Columns

Outs

This spring, William Friedkin took a trip to Chicago. He was best man at the wedding of Doris Davey and Larry Watts. According to Warner Brothers, when Ms. Davey first saw Mr. Friedkin's latest movie, she fainted — presumably, but not certifiably, out of fear. It was into Mr. Watts' arms that she fell. Mr. Watts is the manager of the State Lake Theater, and after he scraped Ms. Davey off the floor they proceeded to get it on. Or get on with it. Warner Brothers neglected to mention whether the happy couple knew each other before the day Ms. Davey pulled her pass. The company does insist however that as soon as Mr. Friedkin was informed of the incident, and of its resolution, he accepted Watts' invitation to be best man.

It would be of interest to know who put Watts up to calling Friedkin. This assumes, of course, and perhaps unfairly, that Watts didn't seize on his own a great handful of American initiative and get on the line to the studio himself. But how would he have gotten through to Friedkin, dealt with the secretaries?

"Hello, you don't know me, Larry Watts, manager of the State Lake Theater here in Chicago... the State Lake ... Chicago. And I was just wondering if I could talk with Mr. Friedkin for a minute. A kind of funny thing happened a while back... no, business is fine... but see, Mr. Friedkin sort of brought me and my fiancée together. About the time in the movie little Regan lost her breakfast I saw this girl — it was Doris, I found out later — looking shaky. She came out of the left aisle orchestra, like maybe she needed a little air, and I went over and asked her if I could do anything for her, and she just looks at me funny and starts to fall over and I... no, she isn't looking to collect damages. I only wanted to tell Mr. Friedkin we're getting married on account of him. See, Doris was afraid to go home alone afterwards..."

At any rate Friedkin showed up at the judge's chambers — an **Exorcist**-inspired church wedding would have been a breach of good taste — and did his duty. The bride had on the same suit she wore when she fainted in the theater eleven weeks before, and devil's food (the hand of the Warners P.R. department becoming just a little heavy here) was the wedding cake. Friedkin's remarks on the occasion were not recorded. (Did he toast the newlyweds by reciting the Lord's Prayer backwards?) But press releases informed of his presence, keeping up the high volume of hucksterism over the **Exorcist**'s substantial success. William Peter Blatty, for instance, denounced Pauline Kael on the *Tonight Show*. Knowing how to tailor a line to an audience, he must have been aware that humor on the Carson program runs towards throw-aways about prunes, so he suggested that Kael needed an enema. Later, in a magazine interview, he denounced movie critics as "malignant lilies of the field; they sow not, neither do they reap," a metaphor employed presumably to keep himself in good standing with the Jesuits and refurbish his theological credentials, which have been tarnished by several malignant lilies. On one occasion, Friedkin, Blatty, and the cast of the movie showed up on the *Merv Griffin Show*, where they made it clear to all concerned that their movie was a piece of popular art — that they were all engaged in making a serious statement about evil in the modern age.

They believe it, too, which is what makes all their flack so dispiriting. Anyone interested in movies, or with a true affection for them, shares a taste for the unbridled excesses of studio publicity. Think of all those lavish posters, those coming attractions where adjectives come flying out of the screen accompanied by the basso enthusiasms of an announcer: "Suspense unequalled!" "Love without shame! A drama without equal!" Posters and ad copy and promotional gimmicks, too, all hold their fascination but, at the risk of being a little sentimental, it seems that much of the charm and effect of this flagrant kind of promotion depends on a sort of shared understanding between the con men and the conned. There is a sort of congenial cynicism in all this: audiences don't believe the hype, and the ad people don't fully expect them to. At the same time, though, the flacks, like con men, know that people want to get stung, that they'll laugh and be skeptical about the come-on but they'll play the game just the same.

This sort of high-energy hype stands in marked contrast to the solemn Barnumism indulged in by the **Exorcist** people. No hint of irony or bemusement from them. They were all into something really heavy, less a horror flick than a Bergman morality play. Max von Sydow was virtually the only good thing in the movie, but his presence, so evocative of Bergman's intensity and seriousness, also served to make the filmmakers' vaunting ambition so much clearer. In all their defenses and protestations of critical injustice, Friedkin and Blatty were mercilessly self-righteous, as if accepting the Legion of Honor they had offered to themselves. As their movie indicates, they haven't the wit or the equilibrium to take themselves with any but the most numbing seriousness.

All of this, really, is of passing interest, a footnote to a cheap-jack phenomenon that had a lot of its momentum manufactured by press agents and the self-styled artists who were their eager stooges. Can you imagine Nicolas Roeg presiding over a séance after the release of **Don't Look Now**? Or George Lucas throwing a sock hop to promote **American Graffiti,** Martin Scorsese serving a pasta banquet at a press reception for **Mean Streets**? ("Go on, eat! Eat!") Filmmakers like these still have a seriousness about their work, the kind of seriousness that Friedkin and Blatty can only parody.

What is more worrisome is that filmmakers like Friedkin, inundated by popular success and wrung out by critics at the same time, develop insidious defense mechanisms. While he was still in Chicago, Friedkin was given a banquet, feted, most appropriately, by a group of Chicago businessmen. While they digested, he spoke to them of a great gulf separating movie critics from the movie audience. He implied that critics very often do not reflect popular taste. (The idea that they ever did, or should, is one of the unguents most employed by a mauled filmmaker.) For filmmakers like Friedkin, to whom commerce has been kinder than art, popular acceptance (read "big bucks") is like a papal blessing. He added that movies critics favored — **Mean Streets, Badlands, Thieves Like Us** and **The Conversation,** this last a film by Friedkin's business partner — were slighted by the public and were withering away at the box office. He might also have added, but did not, that the public might not know much, but they know what they like.

This sort of urchin philistinism isn't new, or peculiar to Friedkin. It is particularly low to try and justify your success by crowing over somebody else's lack of it, but for Friedkin, it's clear that final judgement is passed in the court of public opinion. He's right about one thing, though. That gulf does exist between critics and audience. The movies that do well are often, although not always, movies of a sort of safe, secondary nature. The titles he named represent much of the best American filmmaking of the past year, and the reason that the public cannot be coaxed, or persuaded or seduced into seeing them is a matter of substantial and immediate concern. More about all this next time. *Jay Cocks*

Jay Cocks, born in the Bronx, reviews movies for Time.

Overlooked and Underrated

Take One readers and contributors are invited to submit items to this column. Keep 'em short (about 100 words); avoid plot summaries and be patient when waiting for us to reply.

The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom. Dir. Joseph McGrath. The apotheosis of late-'60s, ultra-mod ambience sets off this hilariously deadpan portrayal of modern-day dalliance, as Shirley MacLaine cheerfully lives two immensely fulfilling lives: one with her sweetly dull husband (Richard Attenborough), a staid if disarmingly screwy manufacturer of brassieres, and the other with an impish sewing machine repairman (James Booth) whom she conceals in the attic for nearly four years. Joseph McGrath, with one other comic gem to his credit (**Thirty is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia**), brilliantly embellishes what has to be one of the most intelligent and good-natured studies of the joys (and inevitability) of sex ever put on film with devastatingly observed comic detail. MacLaine has rarely been better as she weighs her guilt against her happiness — and the men in her life, Attenborough and Booth, complement one another beautifully. Astonishingly funny, with a climax worthy of Frank Tashlin at his most bizarre. *Don Druker*

Student Teachers. Dir. Jonathan Kaplan. Another winner from Roger Corman's New World Pictures, a lighter-than-air exploitation job that manages to be funny, moving, cinematically interesting and politically relevant — without becoming serious for an instant! Among other joys: a side-splitting sex education film; a terrific musical score by David Nichtern (lead guitar on the new Maria Muldaur record); and a climactic chase sequence that, while not as outrageous as the one in Kaplan's **Night Call Nurses** *(that* one featured Eldridge Cleaver being driven across the border in a semi-truck driven by a speed-freak trucker hallucinating behind too many little white pills) is still relatively stupefying. Aah go on, you'll love it.

Michael Goodwin

Showboat. (1936). Dir. James Whale. Whale is best known for his Universal horror films (**Frankenstein, The Bride of Frankenstein, The Invisible Man, The Old Dark House**) but even when critics take a broader look at his career they tend to either ignore or denigrate **Showboat.** It's one of my favorite films: Whale's direction is up to the standards of his Karloff films, Paul Robeson sings "Old Man River," and Helen Morgan sings "Bill." Wotta movie. *Joe Medjuck*

Playtime. Dir. Jacques Tati. **Playtime** has already been lauded a couple of times in *Take One*, but I still don't think it's gotten the attention it deserves. I can understand people who don't find Tati funny (I'm not one of them) but I can't understand critics ignoring an artist whose conception of mise-en-scène puts him in the avant garde along with Straub, Godard, Snow and others whose films suggest potentialities missed by other filmmakers. **Playtime** makes just about every other movie ever made look sloppy. *Joe Medjuck*

Letter from New York

A Yugoslav film artist of great uniqueness and originality recently had a showing at New York City's Film Forum. His name is Vlatko Gilic and, as I was later to discover, has become quite well-known in Europe. He was granted his fifth continuous prize at the Yugoslav Festival of Documentary Films. Yet **In Continuo, One Day More, To Love** and **Power** could only superficially be called documentaries. In reality, they are the work of a film poet with an intense inner vision. Ordinary human activities are translated through his selective eye into a landscape of complex ritualized events that seem to have their antecedents in primevil metaphors and myths relating to the very meaning of existence. **In Continuo** is shot in a slaughterhouse. The film texture is gritty like a colored lithograph. An old woman with a face rutted with creases wends her way through a group of half-naked men in white aprons, cleaning as she goes. The silent zombie-like men are sharpening knives. The track of the film echoes with the sound of steel on steel as they work their knives in preparation for the kill. The sequence of events taking place seems part of some formalized ancient ritual. As the workers begin their grisly duties (we never actually see the animals) torrents of shiny, bubbly blood drain through open holes in the floor. The image of the flowing blood expands, filling the entire screen with bright red rivers and waterfalls. Our

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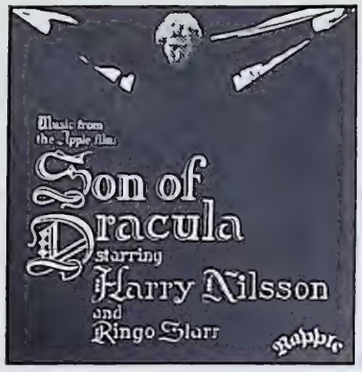

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sense of relative size becomes distorted and in the final image the blood flows to the outside world. We have been witness to a sacrificial ceremony performed as an offering to the continuance of life.

One Day More deals with the will to survive against overwhelming odds. A group of gnarled, grotesque people, looking like creatures plucked from a Bosch painting, come to bathe in a mud-filled river, believing that by doing so they will be cured of all disease. Humanity appears as an army of desperate pathetic creatures with only this one slim ray of hope to cling to. The faces are ravaged and embattled, the eyes staring straight ahead into emptiness. Their bodies are covered with mud and most of the people are old. Crawling through the ooze, some clothed, others half naked, they head resolutely for a given point out of camera frame. It is Dante's Purgatorio become visible. A few are seen slowly patting themselves with gobs of the wet muck as they emerge head and shoulders above water. A mist shrouds the faces... a row of toes protrude. All is transfixed in a frozen moment in time. The mood is religious, suffocating. They are shuffling about in the mud like corpses revived, or half-formed foetuses emerging from the soup of the universal womb. The fully-clothed figures seem to have been tossed there like so much refuse. Finally, after a time, they shower themselves under falling water, with the hope of somehow being reborn. The last shot of a younger girl combing her hair gives a positive feeling to the proceedings but, at the same time, her dull expressionless pudgy face makes one realize she is merely a younger version of the others. She will be back with them soon. One of the strangest and most disturbing films I have ever seen.

To Love is the least dramatic of Gilic's films but it expresses beautifully the fragile, temporal quality of a man and woman's life compared with the scale of things outside themselves or as compared with the permanence of things man sometimes creates. In this case, the construction of an enormous steel bridge. The film begins in a formal manner with a huge girder being lowered into place joining both sides of the enormous bridge spanning two mountains. At first the scale is uncertain until the camera pulls back and we see the structure in its entirety. Man is dwarfed by his own creation. From the enormous height of the bridge, a small black dot is seen moving down a pathway below carrying a white bundle. The lens slowly zooms in and the small dot is transformed into a woman with a lunch bundle. We cut to a closer shot of a worker slowly descending a ladder down the face of one of the towering pillars that supports the bridge. The camera then pulls back, reversing the rhythm of the previous shot and he becomes a mere dot on the face of the ladder. The woman below waits, her head raised, anxious. The worker descends to the ground. As he arrives, they embrace. Lunch is readied. The simple act of having lunch becomes a tender event. Every gesture becomes very important, tinged with the feeling of a prolonged parting. The essence of life is concentrated in these few eventful moments, while the bulk of what went on before and what will happen afterwards remains vast and impersonal. The sequence is made up of small items... he pushing back a lock of her hair; washing his hands; unwrapping food; eating it while gazing at her; all this is juxtaposed against the huge engineering achievement looming above them. Everything about their moment is perishable, everything surrounding them is permanent. Her expression reveals the nature of her love. At the first sound of the hammers rattling away on the scaffold again, the corners of her mouth fall ever so slightly in an expression of dismay but her eyes remain fixed on him. As he leaves and ascends the ladder, there is the unmistakeable look of fear on her face.

One Day More

Power, subtitled *"An insight into the lecture 'How to Rule Others' given by S.C. Roko, a well known Yugoslav experimentalist in telepathy and hypnosis"*, contains a real sense of the demonic. The master and his students are gathered together for a lecture in hypnosis. The camera glides slowly and resolutely over the group as they unclench their hands from a clenched position. Time seems to have been slowed down. They are cut off from the outside world, hovering in the semi-darkness, moving in complete silence. The light is constantly focused on faces and hands as the subjects go through various exercises. The hypnotist places a long needle through his cheeks from one side of his face to the other. The entire body of followers does the same thing in unison, each with his own needle. Some falter and do not gain the necessary courage to see it through. In the next process, a devotee places another man completely under his power as the victim crawls on bended knees after him, his hands raised in submissive supplication. There seem to be invisible strings attaching the group to the hypnotist. He paws and gestures in the air, and a hypnotized group of five men move to his every motion. He moves in front of them as if he was conducting an orchestra. Approaching his half naked subjects, he sews a needle through the flesh of each one, attaching them together. They appear to feel no pain at all. He then attaches himself by the same means. When the ceremony ends, the group unthread themselves and depart. The leader of the five stands in almost disbelief at what he has done. As he pulls the remaining thread out he seems to be in a state of shock. The feeling of the entire sequence is one of ritualized

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Bob Cowan is a prize-winning Canadian filmmaker (*Soul Freeze, Rock Flow, Earth Song*, etc.), now living and working in New York.

purification, a sense of being reborn.

Bob Cowan

A Filmmaker's Column

My films appear to be technically simple — at least that's what I am often told. Right through the era of psychedelia, when many filmmakers were terrifically interested in hardedge graphics and optically printed visual freakouts, I kept on concentrating on the mundane, on human beings in day-to-day situations. So it must come as a surprise to some of you that I am absorbed with the technology of my medium. And few areas of filmmaking technology are more interesting than color.

The history of color filmmaking is a spectacular success story. Everybody making home movies shoots in color, and the same is true for TV newsfilm and special programs, and features for TV, and color film of course, has totally supplanted black and white for theatrical release.

1964 was the last year that black and white features were made in any quantity. Thirty black and white films were made by American studios that year, compared with 133 color productions. Since then there have been perhaps as many as ten, probably not more, black and white feature films shot in the States. Black and white has died the death. And no wonder. Color is so much more fun to look at, and if you shoot movies, color is more fun to use too.

Obviously there are aesthetic arguments on the side of black and white. (Perhaps we should call it monochrome since tinted films, sepia for example, are a perfectly valid form.) The singular transcendent quality that movies generate is one of mood. People can argue all they want about the cinema as essay, or in terms of non-intellectual kinesthetics, but cutting through it all, permeating and engulfing cinema, is the creation of an ambiance, or in plain English, mood.

If the mood dictates, then monochrome should be used. Despite this, many films are shot in color that would have been better off in monochrome. I'm not going to offer any hard and fast rules about when to use which, because I don't know them. I leave it for the reader to decide.

Monochrome is a special case of color. I think this is an obvious point. By combining a color printing master with a black and white master derived from it, filmmakers have been able to subdue color intensity, or to use the proper terminology, subdue color saturation. John Huston did this in conjunction with the Technicolor lab for **Moby Dick**, and so did Lawrence Olivier in his **Henry V.** There are other examples of this technique, but most recently in-the-camera techniques have been used to mute or soften color.

Directors of cinematography, to use their appropriately preposterous and stuffy title, for the last few years have been lensing their way through fog and diffusion filters, and even nylon stockings in an all out attempt to satisfy the producer's box office drive and the director's creative conscience (if any). This has lead to a murky cinema, a kind of drained and strained color yearning to be black and white. One of the most spectacular failures of this kind, in an admittedly long line of cinematographic disasters, was the diffused and distracted shooting of **The Summer of '42.**

From the early thirties to the early fifties the word Technicolor meant color movies. There have been exceptions, most notably the processes of beloved Republic Pictures known variously as Truecolor, Cinecolor, or Naturalcolor, which were derived from red and green records of the scene. Technicolor, like all modern processes of decent quality, split the visual spectrum into three (not two) and then combined them into one print for a full and rich image.

The original Technicolor process was cumbersome. Perhaps as many as 70

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special cameras were made available to the studios on a world wide basis. Essentially these gigantic and heavy machines were three cameras in one. They have been all but retired, but some are still in use for travelling matte work where foreground and background are combined in the optical printer.

Technicolor had its share of oddities. Actors needed grey makeup, and special orange and purple American flags had to be used because of inaccuracies inherent in the process. Foliage had to be dusted with specially pigmented powder so it would film green, so the jungle, during the heroic filming of **King Solomon's Mines**, had to be dusted!

Eastmancolor, introduced in the early fifties, killed off Technicolor. Less than five years after Eastmancolor's introduction it was clear that the Technicolor camera had had it, although the Technicolor process is still one of the finest methods for making large quantities of prints. Both China and the Soviet Union have their own imbibition, as the process is called, printing plants.

Anscocolor was introduced at about the same time as Eastmancolor, and like the Eastman process it could be used with any camera that could film in black and white. It was a lovely, though short-lived, attempt. Unlike every other theatrical film process, which uses negative film, it was a reversal material, like Kodachrome. It was used to great effect in a few CinemaScope films, like **Lust For Life**, and **Brigadoon**.

However, it was Eastmancolor which prevailed, being dubbed by the studios Warnercolor, Metrocolor, and so on. It has matured into an excellent process, and practically every theatrical feature today is filmed on Eastman stock, even if some prints are made by Technicolor, or on release print material supplied by Fuji or 3M.

Like Technicolor, the early Eastman material was not an altogether accurate reporter of true color. Bluejeans had to be soaked in coffee to make then photograph appropriately dark. If not they would film bright blue. (You can still get this effect in Super 8 with 3M Color Movie Film, which is made in the Ferrania factory in Italy.)

It was Eastmancolor that made CinemaScope a technical possibility. Technicolor prints have to be made on a long stainless steel ribbon studded with registration pins to insure accurate contact of release print material with the printing master. Technicolor printing closely resembles the graphic arts gravure process with dyes from the master squeegeed out on the print.

The pins were of a fixed width, but 20th Century-Fox, when they introduced anamorphic projection for theatrical films with their CinemaScope process, needed to reduce the width of the print's perforations. With narrower perfs they could have more room for picture area, as well as the four track stereophonic sound they wanted for the process. If Fox had been stuck with release prints by Technicolor, they could have never gotten around those pins, so they used Eastmancolor prints with narrow perforations. For your information, the CinemaScope perfs were quickly dubbed (hold your nose) Foxholes. *Lenny Lipton*

Lenny Lipton is the author of Independent Filmmaking, *and is working on a new book about Super 8. He has made a number of films, and is the author of "Puff, the Magic Dragon".*

Letter from India

The Indian motion picture industry kept up its reputation as the world's largest dream factory with an all-time high in production in 1973 — 448 feature films in 15 languages. Despite numerous irritants, the most acute being the shortage of raw film, it was a boom year for the industry, with Bombay and Madras studios dominating the field.

A majority of Indian filmmakers are inclined to agree with what the famous French director Abel Gance once cynically said: "There is no art in cinema, there is only commerce". The Film Finance Corporation (FFC), a Government body run very much on the lines of the Canadian Film Development Corporation, strongly disagrees with this view and, as if to disprove the Gance remark, has been sponsoring films which have generally elicited good critical notices here and abroad (London and Paris) but have brought very poor returns at the box-office. The two most talked-about films of 1973 from these diametrically-opposed camps have been **Bobby** and **Garam Hawa**. No two films could be as different as these.

Bobby (the title refers to the name of the 16-year-old heroine of the film) is commercial or esçapist cinema at its crassest, and has proved to be the biggest money-spinner of the decade. Its maker, producer-director Raj Kapoor, 50, is known here and in the Soviet Union where his films have proved extremely popular, as showman par excellence. His last two films [**Mera Naam Joker — My Name Joker** (1970) and **Kal Aaj aur Kal — Yesterday Today and Tomorrow** (1971)], however, proved such dismal flops that his latest, **Bobby**, was viewed by many as an acid test for its maker as to his future in the industry. The resounding success of the film has been as much of a surprise to Raj Kapoor as **Love Story** — the film that is said to have inspired him — was to Paramount Pictures. Virtually all film critics of English dailies in the country panned the film. Even so scores of articles have since appeared in the Indian Press trying to unlock the mystery of the film's success. Even the *New York Times* correspondent in India was stirred into sending a dispatch to his paper discussing the film and its popularity with Indian audiences.

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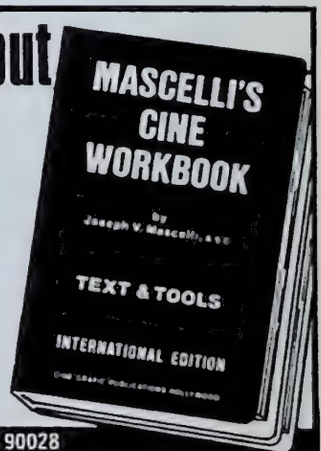

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Bobby's plot — rich-boy-meets-poor-girl, loses her and finally gets her — traverses the same cliché-ridden ground as do countless other Indian films, but what has really made the box-office hum is the two dew-fresh faces of its young stars, Rishi Kapoor (the director's youngest son) and Dimple Kapadia, 17 (now married to matinee idol Rajesh Khanna), playing the star-crossed lovers in their teens, and the haunting tunes and background score which have been cleverly blended into the mainstream of an otherwise convoluted story. Nevertheless, **Bobby** is not a film for serious people. It seems to imply that youthful infatuation or the fetish of love is the most important thing in life. As I mentioned while reviewing this film in the *Hindustan Times*: "Surely we must love in order to live, but it is absurd to live merely in order to make love. One shudders to think what the future will be for this nation if the young were to seriously emulate the film's fairy tale life which implies that the best age for boys and girls to taste the elixir of love is between 16 and 18".

At the other end of the scale is **Garam Hawa (Hot Air)**, by far the most provocative Indian political film made in the last two decades. Its subject touches on the Muslim minority community immediately after partition of the Indian sub-continent in 1947 and the poisonous atmosphere of mutual suspicion and hatred generated in its wake between Hindus and Muslims. Its protagonist is a middle-aged Muslim named Salim Raza, residing in the city of the Taj Mahal, Agra, and running a small but prosperous shoe business. Completely apolitical, a great thing in those days, he and his family have their ancestral roots in the city. Partition and the Muslim exodus leaves him unmoved. Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, the communal virus spreads all round him; first, it begins to tell on his business, then it catches his family members as gradually his near relatives opt for their new 'homeland' rather than suffer humiliation and an uncertain future. But Salim Raza withstands it all like a rock, refusing to yield or compromise. By the film's end, however, the virus has sufficiently weakened his body vitals and he begins to cave in. And then it happens. He has not lost the battle after all. The denouement is so sudden and electric that the viewers are quite unprepared for it.

The late Balraj Sahni (he died shortly after completing the film), one of Indian screen's most versatile character actors, has given the finest performance of his career as Salim Raza, the central character. Ironically enough, director M.S. Sathyu, a Hindu, is in fact married to a Muslim girl and both husband and wife have collaborated on the script. The film has generated a lot of controversy here and has not been shown to the general public for fear of hurting the susceptibilities of both the communities. The censors initially developed cold feet in certifying the film but on the intervention of the Minister, who liked it, the film has now been cleared. The right wing of the press, the pro-Jan Sangh in particular, has denounced the film as anti-national and leaning too heavily on the left. But by and large **Garam Hawa** has impressed the enlightened sections of both communities as an honest and bold attempt to capture on celluloid the working of an average Indian Muslim's mind soon after partition. The film was recently shown in Paris and impressed the critics there. The Cannes Festival authorities have invited its makers to enter the film as India's entry.

Quite apart from the FFC-financed films and the rank commercial ventures of Bombay and Madras, the regional cinema — Bengali and Kannada films from Calcutta (Satyajit Ray apart, as he is in a class by himself) and Mysore — has come into its own and is showing great promise. The leading light of the Kannada cinema is 38-year-old Girish Karnad, a Rhodes scholar, who strayed into films quite accidentally via the theatre. His two films, **Samskara (The Last Rites)** and **Vamsha Vriksha (The Family Tree)** have been ranked as noteworthy specimens of India's rejuvenated artistic cinema. Both the films won national awards and rave notices in the national press. Karnad, who has recently taken over as director of the Government-run Film Institute in Poona, near Bombay, has now completed his third film titled **Kaadu (The Jungle)**. It is awaiting release and is expected to form the third and final part of what Karnad has called a trilogy. The first, **Samskara**, dealt with the disintegration of an individual; the second, **Vamsha Vriksha**, disintegration of a family, and

Mr. Amladi is the film critic of New Delhi's Hindustan Times.

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Left to Right: Kinnie Jensen - Celia Merkur - Jordon Hale - Melissa Franklin - Paul Shapiro - Andrew File - Marilyn Becker - Robi Blumenstein - *Insert:* Ricky Clark.

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the third, **Kaadu**, will show the disintegration of a community.

K. M. Amladi

Coffee, Brandy & Cigars

Did you know that when Joyce and Proust met in Paris, on the only encounter ever between the two giants of literature, all they talked about was to recite the various malaises, aches and pains with which life had afflicted them?

Is not the end scene of **City Lights** like that of **Cyrano de Bergerac** where Cyrano visits Roxanne, now in mourning for the dead Christian, and Cyrano recites aloud, from memory, some old letters of Christian that he had dictated and she recognizes the impassioned voice she heard under her balcony, and Cyrano dies happy in the knowledge that she at last realizes her love for him?

In my last column I mentioned Dreyer's unrealized Christ film. Colleen Moore in *Silent Star* reports that Chaplin once (in 1922) wanted to play Christ in a film of Giovanni Papini's "Life of Christ." "I'm a logical choice," he said. "I look the part, I'm a Jew, I'm a comedian and artist, so I'd be able to look at the character objectively. Who else could do that?"

When I once reported that Norman McLaren said that when a film he was watching began to bore him, he started observing the scratches on the film's emulsion to see what patterns they made, I did not know then what I have since learned; viz., that Leonardo da Vinci used to scan the cracks of a wall or the flames in a hearth for the smiling and grimacing faces he sometimes found in them.

Yon Barna, in his superb book on Eisenstein, speaks of the director as having been "a ready prey to superstitions of every kind. He was terrified of black cats, of walking under ladders, of Fridays (he would never film on Fridays) and of the number 13. He was also deeply impressed by fortune tellers' predictions, especially one made when he was still a young man that he would die at the age of 50." Another way in which he and von Stroheim were kin. Seems incredible but there you are...

Ben Hecht, in his story, "The Pink Hussar", said that "Plagiarism suits are as firm a part of Magyar culture as double-decker pastries. In fact, the joke goes that in the golden days of Hungarian letters, the first thing a Budapest playwright said to his valet on waking from a Pilsener hangover was, 'Well, Rudolph, who do I sue today?'" Eventually this joke was to come home to roost on Hecht's own doorstep when he and his collaborator, Charles MacArthur, were sued by an obscure Hungarian playwright who claimed a work of his had been plagiarized to provide the source of the basic gimmick of the Hecht-MacArthur film, **The Scoundrel**, starring Noel Coward. (The Hungarian won his case.)

Nomination as the most beautiful short film ever made in America: Frank Stauffacher's **Notes on the Port of St. Francis**. And runner-up, his **Sausalito**. And for the most beautiful short ever made in Europe, the Eisenstein-Alexandrov-Tissé **Romance Sentimentale**.

Some recommended books this time around would certainly include Lillian Hellman's dazzler, *Pentimento*, reminiscences of some people she has known, and written with great verve, humor and sensibility. For the movie buffs it would also include John Kobal's seductive tome, *Movie Posters*, an album of nostalgic posters from the films' beginnings up to fairly recently which will bring back a lot of pleasant memories. Also Nancy Warfield's analysis of *Les Enfants du Paradis*,

Herman G. Weinberg has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the juries of various film festivals, been U.S. correspondent for Sight & Sound as well as Cahiers du Cinéma, and published several books on the cinema.

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a scholarly and fascinating once-over of this splendid example of the French cinema at its most *raffiné*. And, of course, Yon Barna's *Eisenstein*, the best book by far to date on its subject, beautifully illustrated (with many stills you've never seen before). The chapter on **Qué Viva Mexico** makes almost unbearable reading in its poignancy.

"The Lubitsch Touch" is where you find it. Read Chekhov's hilarious one-acter, "The Bear", for the last line, Popova's instructions to Luka, which brings down the curtain. *Echt* Lubitsch!

Rodrigo in Pabst's **Pandora's Box** tries to impress Lulu with his muscles, and George Bancroft as a ship's stoker tries to impress Betty Compson similarly in Sternberg's **Docks of New York**, but Chaplin not only antedated them both with **The Adventurer**, in which Eric Campbell tries to impress Edna Purviance with *his* muscles, but beats them at this game by adding a filip of his own that makes the scene delicious. If somebody someday doesn't do a book on the epiphanies to be encountered in the Chaplin Mutuals (we needn't even go into the great First Nationals), I'll do it myself, God grant.

Pauline Kael is reminded by **The Last Tango of Paris** of Stravinsky's "Le Sacré du Printemps" and Arthur Knight is reminded by **Behind the Green Door** of Ravel's "Bolero" ("it has a 'ritual' quality like it" he said). (Miss Kael is also the reviler of Chaplin's **Limelight**, just as a disciple of hers, writing in the current (Winter 73-74) *Sight & Sound*, reviles Eisenstein.) And, of course, it will be recalled that Knight was a staunch defender of **Deep Throat**. I am now waiting for the next pronouncement that will equate the next piece of movie *dreck* with the Bach B-Minor Mass. *Herman G. Weinberg*

Books

How to Organize and Run a Film Society, by Janet Weiner. MacMillan. 210 pages. $8.00. In Canada: Collier, MacMillan. Paper: $3.95.

If there were books of this calibre on every subject, what a nice world this would be to live in. This book is comprehensive, to the point, clear and accurate and particularly useful to novices who are prone to leave out important details which bitter experience will quickly fill in. It was written by someone who's done it and who can ably pass on the benefits of her firsthand knowledge.

The first half of the book — the meat of it — tells in 100 pages packed with detailed illustrations, how to organize a film society. It starts with how to structure it — who must be there to do what, and then goes on to discuss the budget — specifically detailing typical expenses. The next section deals with how to select film programmes and gives lists of suggested "safe" titles. The author correctly points out that, unless subsidized from the outside, a film society must be popular to survive. But this must be balanced against the traditional obligation which a film society has — to present material not seen elsewhere. Recently film societies, particularly those connected with universities, have become mini downtown theatres whose object is merely to generate money. It is ironic that this should happen now, just when more and more people are showing an interest in taking films more seriously. It is also sad because many fine movies just never get shown commercially, yet it is eminently possible, on a small scale, to make money showing such movies. One device, extremely useful in this connection, is to sell series tickets which use popular films as bait to get people to come to films they may not have heard of. I have seen this device used to draw hundreds of people to see a silent film that they wouldn't have dreamed of going to normally. And, much to everyone's surprise, they loved it.

After selecting the films, the book deals in minute detail with how to order them, how to advertise the programme and finally how to run the showing itself. In this respect, we are given an impressive count-down from day seven to day zero covering the preparations for a showing. All the organization and planning in the world can go up in the ashes of a burned-out projection bulb or a blown fuse and minutiae such as this can make or break a film society.

The second half of the book is sadly weaker than the first, consisting of about 800 film-society-type films (whatever *they* are), a one sentence description of each with the film's distributor. The selection of titles is distinctly on the safe side and may have been appropriate to a film society ten years ago. Research, particularly using magazines and newspapers, is the only sensible way of going about the choosing of a programme. I can't see novices shelling out upwards of $150 for rentals of a film that they have read a one line description of. Also the distributors listed beside each film in this section of the book are inaccurate — they tend to change around and are of no use to readers in Canada or other countries. The success of a film society, indeed one of the few ways which its organizers have of expressing their creativity, is in the choice of films. As Janet Weiner herself points out, a research committee whose duty it is to keep track of current catalogues and periodicals is a top priority item. It is from these sources that you are going to evolve what to show and who to get it from. Janet Weiner's book insures that there will be a safe, smooth-running structure under whose roof may flower the most delicate blossoms of cinematic art. *Ronald Blumer*

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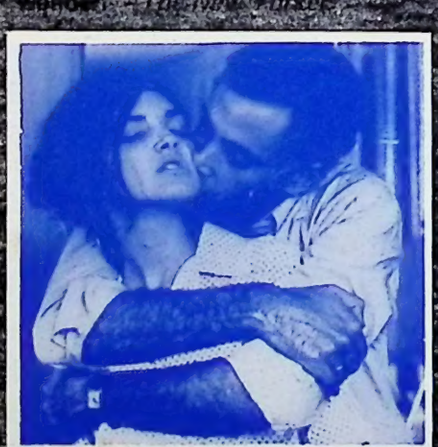

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